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TWILIGHT MUSINGS

BY DELMADI.

I have wandered through dusty streets to-day,
'Neath a burning sun's fierce glare;
I have stopped to lie 'neath a twilight sky,
And drink in the evening air;
And my lips the while wear many a smile,
As I sing to the grass and clover
The sweet refrain of a happy strain
That I murmur over and over.
Oh, soft green grass! oh, blue-eyed grass!
Where the sunbeams dance and quiver,
I fain would stay all life's weary day,
And lie on thy lap by the river.

The lilies lie white as glistening snow,
Where the river is silently flowing,
And I lie and dream 'neath the moon's pale beam,
While the night-stars soft are glowing;
I dream I'm a child in this wood so wild,
And sing, as a child can sing,
The little song, so loud and strong,
That the distant echoes ring.
Oh, river so calm, with breath of balm,
How glad, like the lilies, I'd lie
On thy heaving breast, and find sweet rest,
While I gaze on the starlit sky!

But I know full well that no more a child
I must go my way in life,
'Neath the sun's fierce glare or wintry air,
And mingle in life's rude strife.
I shall sadly long for the river's song,
And the voice of the murmuring clover,
And seem to hear, still full and clear,
The words that I then sang over.
Oh, river so fled, and grass so sweet,
I turn from thy beauties away,
But when toils shall cease, be mine the peace
That reigns on thy bosom to-day!

THE LILY OF ST. ERNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER'S SECRET," "HELENA LYLE," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

IN WHICH MAX HAVERYNG HEARS AND SEES MUCH THAT PERPLEXES HIM.

The sun shone pleasantly through the queer little latticed casement of Max Haveryng's chamber on the following morning, and the day was so warm as to warrant him insisting that the door, opening into the adjoining room, should be kept ajar, that he might watch for the arrival of his promised visitor. Never had the weariness of lying helplessly there seemed greater than on this forenoon, when, having performed the toilet of a sick man, with a precision which made the deep-set beady eyes of old Dan twinkle comically, he lay awaiting the arrival of the young girl, whose charms—imagined rather than beheld—had taken such a hold on his excited brain.

Would she come alone, or would the person she had called Esther preside at the interview? These were some of the questions with which he tormented himself as hour after hour passed away, and still no one entered the cottage but a fisherman who came a-borrowing, and some children who liked to hover about its good-natured owner. Even the ordinary sounds on the beach died away as the god of day began to draw towards the west, and nothing broke the silence but the steady wash of the rising tide, to which Max listened till lulled by it into a doze.

When he awoke, the last rays of the sun were glinting through the open door, and falling upon a figure seated upon the roughly-made three-legged stool which formed the customary resting-place of old Dan.

Max regarded this figure doubtfully, drew his hands across his eyes, and then looked again, yet still found it difficult to believe that he saw aright. Certainly he beheld the same sweet face, of which he had caught a transient glimpse on the preceding evening, but it was framed in the sombre cap of a widow.

At the feet of his visitor lay the hooded wrapper she had been wearing, and a slight girlish form was revealed, garbed in the deepest but simplest mourning. No attempt at ornamenting relieved it, not even the folds and puffs with which the ladies of the present day contrive to embellish even the tokens of bereavement; and the very simplicity of the high body and long, loose sleeves, lent additional youthfulness to her appearance.

Involuntarily, Max glanced at the little hands folded in her lap, and looking purely white as Parian marble against the sable dress. Yes, there shone the golden circlet, the emblem of matrimony; and once more his eyes sought her face, as if to learn there how it could be that this delicate young creature was not only a wife, but a widow.

We have already said that she was pale, but that word poorly denotes the tint of a complexion, so healthy, although so colourless, that the crimson of her lips gained in intensity by the contrast. There was something absolutely child-like in her blue orbs, with their naïve but dreamy expression, as though the womanly instincts of her spirit were not awakened; yet the pose of her small head was so dignified, that Max was, oddly enough, reminded of a picture he had once beheld of a captive queen enduring the taunts of her conquerors.

She bore the long scrutiny the young man bestowed upon her with tolerable composure; but at last the steady set of her rosy mouth seemed to be on the point of relaxing into an amused smile, and, becoming conscious of his rudeness, he stammered an embarrassed, "I beg your pardon."

"Do not mention it," she answered, demurely, yet with just such a dash of hauteur or independence of his good opinions, as a princess might have testified when condescending to visit one of her subjects. "I saw that you were scarcely awake, and confused me with Uncle Dan; so I thought it only kind to sit still, and wait till your faculties became clearer."

Confuse her graceful figure and delicate features with those of the weather-beaten fisherman! Nothing could be more impossible; but Max had the good sense to keep his convictions to himself.

Producing knitting pins and a huge ball of worsted, the widow began to work rapidly at one of the blue Jerseys the Cornishmen ordinarily wear, talking the while to the invalid with an equable manner and voice, comically at variance with the disturbed looks and short, agitated sentences of the invalid.

"Are you sure you are better, Mr. Haveryng?" she said, at last. "Are you quite certain that you can bear the presence of a visitor, because——"

She made a movement as if to rise; but Max, aroused by the dread of losing her, eagerly entreated her to keep her seat. He was almost well, he declared; it was only his broken leg that kept him a prisoner, and nothing would do him so much good as a little cheerful conversation.

She smiled slightly at his impetuosity; but neither that, nor the passionate admiration his looks betrayed, stirred her from her composure. Either this girl-widow was accustomed to such homage, or too indifferent to be more than amused by it.

"I will stay, then,' she graciously made answer, "until you begin to seem tired; only I must warn you that I listen better than I talk; therefore, you will not find me a very enlivening companion."

Max could have replied that he should be quite content to lie still and gaze at her; but her dignified, quiet repose, which he thought so lovely, forbade anything like flattery or impertinence. It is true that either the one or the other would have glanced off harmless, for she betrayed none of that consciousness of her own fascination which frequently mars the beauty of the fairest; and Max, accustomed to the coquetries of the Spanish American belles, perceived in a moment that she was of a different order of beings to the Donnas Elvira and Clara of his native land.

She had warned him that he must make the conversation; but it was some time before he could do more than blurt out a trite hope that he had not been the cause of her absence from the cottage.

"Not entirely," was the frank reply. "I do not like strangers; nor should I be here now if I did not compassionate your dullness."

"But Dan must miss you dreadfully!" the young man hazarded.

"Why? Has he ever said anything to that effect? Uncle Dan might have told you that he is too busy to miss any one. Besides, I never have resided with him constantly."

"Then your home is in the neighborhood?" was the eager comment upon her words. "I guessed as much. I felt convinced that you were here frequently, though you have never approached me. But you will not avoid me any longer—I shall see you often, shall I not?"

She flashed at him a reproof for the curiosity his last words had betrayed.

"I shall not care to come at all, if it be solely to hear myself catechised."

He apologized, and tried to explain.

"Pray forgive me if I have seemed too inquisitive. You must acknowledge that, under the circumstances, my questions were excusable, for how can I help wishing to know more of a person to whom I owe all the kindness I have received since my accident?"

But she would not accept the thanks he hastened to tender.

"Indeed, Mr. Haveryng, it is not to me you owe all this gratitude. It was Uncle Dan who brought you here, and has neglected his fishing to nurse you."

"But it was you," he persisted, "who prevailed upon him to do this—who refused to hear of my being carried elsewhere. Can I ever forget how generously you pleaded in my behalf?"

A transient flush crossed her face, but she did not raise her eyes from her knitting.

"Do not praise me, for I was neither so generous nor sympathetic as you imagine, but merely excited by—by events to which your accident was a climax; and inclined to think my friends unfeeling, when, in reality, they were only prudent."

"Shall I lay myself open again to the charge of undue curiosity," said Max, rather resentfully, "if I inquire what imprudence there could be in sheltering an inoffensive and wounded stranger? Surely your friends did not imagine that I could ever be base enough to do or say anything that would injure you or them?"

But the fiery question was evaded.

"Perhaps Uncle Dan was studying the interests of the community at large," said the young widow, demurely, her fingers moving faster than ever. "There was a gentleman staying at Jenifer Madron's last summer, who forgot to pay his bill before he left. Besides, our Cornish lasses are pretty and vain; and Uncle Dan may have concluded that handsome strangers, like Mr. Haveryng, are dangerous guests at St. Erne."

Max laughed and reddened.

"I have ceased to believe in my good looks, since Dan permitted me a peep at myself this morning in his shaving glass. By no stretch of fancy can I imagine the gaunt, haggard Max Haveryng, who lies dangerous to the hearts of your mermaidens, to be the same who——"

"Uncle Dan is the wise man of St. Erne," she gravely explained. "He sets broken bones, cures sprains and fevers, foretells storms, arbitrates disputes, and relieves ill-wished persons from the effects of the evil eye, with a skill that no one here has ever ventured to dispute."

Was she jesting? The stalwart Californian looked so unmistakably bewildered that just such a merry laugh floated through the room as he remembered to have heard on the night of his accident.

"Have you no wise men in your own country, that you gaze at me so doubtfully?" she demanded. "I am not exaggerating Uncle Dan's powers, nor the faith of his neighbors. They would sooner trust to him, when sickness or trouble overtake them, than call in a doctor or lawyer."

"Perhaps they know that he has a good fairy at his elbow?" suggested Max, rather saucily.

But she shook her head, and made no answer.

"St. Erne must be a very primitive village," he said, after another pause. "I long to be able to see more of it and of its inhabitants."

A STRANGE INTRODUCTION.

"You will not find the people as interesting as the scenery," she answered; "and it is out of the regular track, so that few tourists come here. Your best plan, as soon as you can bear removal, will be to hire a boat and sail into Mount's Bay. At Newlyn, or Penzance, you will find excellent accommodation."

"Are you in a hurry to get rid of me, that you so readily arrange this plan for my departure?" the Californian bluntly asked.

"My good sir, you forget yourself! What can it signify to me whether you go or stay?" she queried, in her turn, with such a stately air, that Max first winced and then grew angry.

"What does it signify to you?" he repeated. "Why, nothing, of course. The kindest-hearted soon grow tired of compassionating a helpless man. Besides, you have your secrets, and you have no faith in my honor or my gratitude. You are in constant dread that I shall discover something you wish to hide from me, and make a bad use of my knowledge."

"How do you know this, Mr. Haveryng?" she exclaimed, in an agitated whisper. "Why do you say this?"

"How do I know it?"—and in his excitement he raised himself into a sitting posture. "Have I not been learning it daily ever since I have been here; and do you think that I would have stayed where I am suspected of such treachery, if my poor limbs would have carried me away? Why have you hid from me so carefully, and why has Dan equivocated with me, but because you think I am some poor, pitiful scoundrel, who must be hoodwinked and kept at bay, or he will do you mischief?"

He sank back on his pillows, quite exhausted with his own vehemence; and, dropping her knitting, she hastened to his assistance. Without knowing it, he had dissipated the alarm his first passionate speech evoked, and she was once more cool, and even patronising, in her demeanor. Compelling him to swallow a simple restorative that was amongst Daniel Calynack's nostrums, she bathed his face and hands with a fragrant water, distilled from the herbs in the garden, till he grew calm again, and very penitently expressed his contrition for the trouble he had given her.

"Why, what a petulant *boy* you are, after all!" she said, as she stood looking down upon him. "And so you are hurt and angry because dear old Dan does not admit you into his counsels when he makes up a syrup for a cough, or writes a charm for a sick cow?"

"I have not murmured at Dan. I can forgive him if he is as prejudiced and ignorant as he is good-natured; but you—yes, you—might have known me better!"

"Of course," was the half-laughing rejoinder. "I might have perceived that instead of being a grave, experienced, traveled man, you are a hot-headed, impulsive youth, in haste to quarrel with those who have sheltered you, because they have quietly gone on their own way, and neither contradicted nor encouraged you in your fancies. Really, Mr. Haveryng, you have been making yourself very ridiculous!"

"Laugh at me as much as you choose," he answered, rather sullenly; "but understand that you will not alter my opinions, *nor blind me to the truth!*"

Again the flush of anger mounted to her fair forehead, and she said, with a stamp of her foot. "You shall not pry into my affairs!"

"I would not if I could," Max replied, with equal heat. "I do but tell you that you would have treated me more generously if you had said at first, 'We have our secrets—respect them.'"

"Would you have done so?" she queried, with a keen glance.

"Am I a serpent, that I should turn and sting the hands that saved me from death?" he retorted; and her looks grew softer as she listened to the ring of woundedfeeling in his deep-toned voice.

"If we have done you any injustice, Mr. Haveryng, I am sorry for it. I will frankly tell you that we believed you to be a person whom we had some reason to fear. That we no longer think this, my being here must convince you."

"And from henceforth you will trust me?" he exclaimed.

But she drew back a step and regarded him thoughtfully.

"What do you mean by trusting you? If we have secrets, as you imagine, we cannot reveal them to every casual acquaintance."

"Certainly not; but you can rely on my good feeling; and you can prove that you do so by coming and going freely, without harboring a fear that I shall ever see or comment upon anything your friends may wish to conceal."

"Agreed!" she said, a little mischief lurking in her eyes. "I will have reliance on you, and so, sir, I no longer hesitate to introduce myself as Mrs. Letitia Rayne, from Howth, the relict of Daniel Calynack's fourth cousin, now visiting St. Erne for change of air."

"But you are not—you cannot really be a widow!" Max commented, incredulously.

She pointed to her ring; yet still he was unconvinced.

"Ah, yes, I noticed that; but—but——"

"But Mr. Haveryng controls his curiosity, and keeps his promises admirably?" was the satirical retort. "He does not comment upon anything we say or do; he will never pry into what we wish to conceal; nor does he ask impertinent questions, or express doubts of our veracity!"

"I am wrong," he said, penitently; "but it is always so difficult to reconcile oneself to mystery or disguises."

"Have nothing to do with either," she promptly recommended. "Hire a boat, as I advised you, and leave us. You may be in danger here. Perhaps we are leagued with smugglers, or engaged in some conspiracy against the Government, or daily expecting to be taken up and sent to penal servitude for practising sorcery; and you might be arrested as an accomplice. Better leave St. Erne while you can do so with safety."

"How absurd!" said Max, laughing in the midst of his vexation. "Is it not more likely that you are masquerading to amuse yourself at the expense of the blundering Californian before you?"

She drew herself up haughtily.

"You make yourself of too much consequence, Mr. Haveryng. Pray understand, at once, that no motive but the purest compassion for your sufferings has led me here!"

"I told you I was a blunderer, and I have proved it by making you angry with me," he exclaimed, with a rueful air. "Be merciful once again, and forgive my silly speeches!"

"I will do so on condition that you promise——" and then she paused, as if in doubt of his sincerity.

"I will promise anything—everything you demand!" he hastened to assure her; "only do not rob me of the solace of your visits!"

"Then you give me your word never to question me—never to seek to know anything I think proper to withhold—and never to doubt that I am Letty Rayne, Uncle Dan's widowed relative?"

Max understood all the question conveyed. He must be content to know her in a character and garb that he felt convinced were assumed, or not at all. Although too frank to conceal that this disguise annoyed him, his answer was as unaffectedly earnest as it was concise.

"It would grieve me more than I can confess if I were denied the pleasure of seeing you again."

Another gesture of displeasure warned him that he spoke too warmly.

"Please to word that speech differently, Mr. Haveryng. What you term *grief* can only be the peevish dissatisfaction of an invalid, who does not care to be disappointed. If you were to say, 'I shall be glad if Mrs. Rayne will come and while away an hour by talking or reading to me,' I should feel much more inclined to oblige you."

Another palpable hint that Max must not attempt flatteries or lover-like attentions; but eager to see her under any restrictions, he obediently repeated the formula.

"Then I will try to come to-morrow;" and as she spoke, she laid a couple of books on the bed, and bade him farewell. But ere she could prevent it, Max had imprisoned her hand—not the one that wore the odious ring—and kissed it.

For a moment she stood looking down upon the fingers his lips had touched, as if the audacity of the act had stupefied her; then, with her face gaining additional beauty from the soft blush that stole over it, she snatched up her wrapper, and quitted the cottage.

As soon as her slim form was no longer visible, Max seized one of the books she had left, and examined the title-page, in the hope that it bore the name of the owner. But no; the volumes were fresh from the shop of a Penzance bookseller, with the leaves uncut; and once more he was so completely baffled, that he lay back and closed his eyes, breathing a sigh of mortification.

The sound caught the ear of old Dan, who had just entered the room, bringing with him the briny smell of the ocean; and he drew near the bed, and rather anxiously felt the heightened pulse of his patient.

"How is it with ye, my son? How are ye feeling?"

"Mystified!" said Max, curtly.

"Is that another name for the headache?" asked the fisherman. "I maunt leave ye so long again, if I'm to find ye all the worse for the change of nurses."

"Nay, nonsense; I'm much better for it, much better!" cried the invalid, catching hold of him as he was moving away. "But, Dan, tell me—that is if you can without breaking confidence——"

He stopped suddenly. What question could he ask about the mysterious widow without breaking the pledge he had given her?

Dan waited with great patience, till satisfied that Max did not intend to pursue his inquiries; then, with quaint gravity, he made reply, "I'll tell ye one thing, lad; and that is, that the sooner ye get away from here, the better 'twill be for you and all of us."

"But why Dan—why do you say this?" he was asked with an urgency that would bear no refusal.

"Oh, because, when I see a chance of doubtful weather, I warns my neighbors that there's storms ahead, and so gives them the chance of escaping 'em."

"Speak more plainly. Is it for me you fear, or for Mrs. ——" —the hateful name would not be spoken—"or for the young lady you call your niece?"

"For she!"—and Dan's strong hands were suddenly clenched, and the veins in his forehead began to swell. "Do you think I'd let any hurt come to her under my roof? It was for yourself I spoke, lad—for yourself. I'd be main sorry to see ye come to any trouble."

And away he went, leaving Max—to use his own expression—more hopelessly mystified than ever.

CHAPTER IV.

IN WHICH A CHARGE IS BROUGHT AGAINST MAX, AND THE NET DRAWN ROUND HIM.

The fisherman's counsels, in spite of the unpleasant impression they made at the time, were wholly forgotten when the beautiful unknown paid Max another visit. By common consent, all doubtful subjects were avoided, and the Californian was careful to talk only of the wildly beautiful country he had just quitted.

He could not have chosen a more fascinating topic. While he described the scenery of California and the adjoining States, or recalled hunting adventures, or hair-breadth escapes from the savage jaguar, or the wily and treacherous Indian, she sat like one entranced. The conversation rarely flagged, for she never wearied of listening, and who would not willingly play *Othello* to such a *Desdemona*?

Insensibly she took a more friendly tone with the gratified Max, who was careful not to disturb these pleasant relations by undue curiosity. She could not be insensible to the good qualities of one who was always so respectful in his demeanor; and if she still treated him *en princesse*, it was more because the manner was natural to her than from any desire to hold him aloof.

That she was accustomed to command who could doubt, for was not old Dan her willing slave, and one who evidently felt

himself repaid by the caressing touch of her hand on his shoulder, or the smile with which she greeted his approach?

And so time sped on, and Max knew no more about Mrs. Letitia Rayne than she had thought proper to tell him; but that she was no poorly-born fisherman's daughter he could have sworn, despite that simplicity of attire, which never varied. Never, since the days of mediæval romance, had a more perplexing piece of femininity existed than Mistress Letty; so shrewd in some matters, so child-like and ignorant in others. She spoke French fluently, and could draw tolerably well, yet she admitted on one occasion that she had never received any regular teaching at home or abroad. It often surprised Max to find how much, and yet how little, she knew. All her knowledge had been gathered from books. She had read many, and possessed a retentive memory; yet, just as she had astonished her hearer by a display of profound erudition, she would put to him some question concerning every-day life, which proved that she had no more acquaintance with the world that lay beyond the Cornish fishing village than her studies had given her.

He could not resist telling her so one day when she had been asking for a description of London, and he had failed to make her comprehend the magnitude and bustle of the great city.

Much to his vexation, she immediately gathered up her work and flitted away.

"Why did you leave me so suddenly?" he demanded the next time she came.

"You ought to know me well enough now to be aware that I had no intention of offending you!"

"I was not offended," said the widow, blandly; "but your conversation ceases to be interesting when it turns upon my own ignorance."

"I will be more careful for the future," she was assured.

"Pray do, for I have promised to discontinue these visits as soon as you show symptoms of forgetting our agreement."

Max pondered over this speech long after she had left him. By whom had this promise been extorted? By the woman Esther, who had so vehemently opposed his remaining at the cottage? And where was this unseen guardian of the beautiful Letty? During the visits of the latter to the invalid, old Dan was always within hearing, whether mending his nets or drying herbs for his infallible medicines; and not unfrequently he testified as much interest in the narratives of Max as his fairer auditor, but the female whose voice he had heard on the night of his accident never appeared, nor was her name spoken in his hearing. And yet Max felt pretty sure that she was at no great distance, and that it was a signal from her that sometimes caused Mistress Letty to start up and hurry away, with that curious look, half anger and half terror in her eyes that he had seen there on his first meeting.

While sometimes striving to get a clue to the mystery surrounding her, but more frequently forgetting all else in the charm of intercourse with one so lovely, Max was gradually regaining his health and strength. With the help of Dan, he contrived to limp first to a rude settee by the window, and presently, as the weather grew warmer, to a sheltered nook in the garden, from which he could view the beach and watch the tide come beating in against the huge boulders, with which the shore was bestrewn.

Here, too, he made acquaintance with Dan's mates, and learned with surprise what a shrewd, thoughtful race of men are these Cornish fishers of the deep. Their wives and daughters would also pause to drop a curtsey and exchange a "How d'ye do?" with the frank, pleasant gentleman whose terrible fall from the cliffs they were never tired of dilating upon; and many a simple homely delicacy was brought and pressed upon Dan for the table of his guest.

Max had long gossips with the fishermen, not only about the perils of the sea, but the village, its inhabitants, and the neighboring gentry. Here, as elsewhere, Squire Penruan was never named without such an ominous shake of the head, that he felt in no great haste to proclaim his kinship. The doctor was discussed and the clergyman ditto, till Max was tolerably well versed in all the affairs of the locality, but of the widow or her home heard he never a word; and he was too honorable to put to strangers the questions he was longing to ask.

Could she really be what she had represented herself, and nothing more? and, if so, why did she seclude herself from all observers? It was not because her bereavement preyed on her spirits, for her musical laugh was heard more and more frequently as her intimacy with Max Haverynge progressed; and the riddle was as far from solution when he discarded his crutch as it had been when he first beheld her.

"I wish you would teach me to knit," he said, jestingly, one day, when she sat with him in the deep porch of the cottage. "Such work as that is too coarse for your little fingers, and I get so tired of seeing you eternally bending over it."

"I am afraid you would be such an inapt pupil," was the smiling retort, "that the stitches would soon be wrought into a tangle, and Uncle Dan disappointed of his new garment."

"Is it for Dan? Nay, give it to me to carry to with me to Aquas Dolces, and keep in remembrance of the Lily of St. Erne!"

"Is that poetical name meant for me, or does it solely apply to my cap? No, no, Mr. Haverynge," she added, more seriously; "you will not require such a cumbrous reminiscence of your stay in Cornwall. Uncle Dan prophesies that you will carry a scar just above your temple for the remainder of your days; will not that suffice for a memento of these tall cliffs?"

"I begin to think that I shall carry away with me a wound in my heart as well as my head!" said Max, so gravely, that the widow looked up, and meeting his eye, blushed a little, and began winding up the ball of worsted that had fallen from her lap, as if meditating another flight.

He put out his hand to prevent her departure.

"Do not go. Why should you be displeased to hear me acknowledge that it will grieve me very much to leave you? We have spent so many pleasant hours together!"

"Not pleasanter then you will spend with the Donna Elvira of whom you raved so often when you were feverished!" he was reminded.

"Did I speak of my little cousin Elvira when I was delirious?" queried Max, not a whit abashed. "If ever you come to Aquas Dolces, and I have the pleasure of introducing you to my maternal relatives, you will understand why I have found it easy to forget all other faces since I have seen yours!"

The unknown rose, and would not be detained any longer.

"I *must* be going. I have staid too long; and, Mr. Haverynge, in case we do not meet again, you have my best wishes for your speedy and safe return to your home and friends!"

In spite of his lameness, Max rose and limped after her, as with stately air, she moved away and re-entered the cottage.

"Do not speak as if my too hasty avowal had driven you from me! Surely, we may be friends, if you will not permit me to hope——"

She would not let him finish his sentence.

"Don't romance, Mr. Haverynge; and don't connect any hopes with my civilities to you! In a few days, at farthest, you will leave Cornwall, and we are not likely to meet again; so we will part as acquaintances, who have liked each other well enough, and—that is all!"

"To you it may be," he answered, earnestly; "but I cannot so easily forget the feelings you have inspired."

"Arretez!" she exclaimed. "I will not listen to what you Americans call tall talk! It means nothing—nothing at all!"

"Then you think I profess what I do not feel?" the invalid exclaimed. "You believe that I am insensible to the beauty, to the goodness——"

But here Mistress Letty covered her ears with her hands, and would hear no more.

"Pray be silent! I must not, I dare not listen! If you say these things merely to flatter me, it is folly; if you have any deeper feeling, it is madness! I like you very well, Mr. Haverynge. You are good-natured, and have told me many things I wished to know; but—I hope you will never come back to St. Erne, and that you will forget me as quickly as you can!"

"Set me an easier task, if you really wish me to obey you!" was the sorrowful reply.

"When do you propose leaving England?" she queried, refusing to notice his last words.

"I do not know. I have not thought of it. I shall most probably remain in this neighborhood for some time to come. I shall go from here to Penruan Abbey."

Mistress Letty's blue eyes dilated.

"It is not a show house. The Squire has an aversion to artists and tourists, and never admits strangers within his domains, if he can help it. Why should you go there?"

"Is he equally churlish to his relatives?—because I have the—doubtful—honor of being connected with him."

The widow recoiled, and the crimson tint of her lips paled strangely.

"*You*, Mr. Haverynge! *You* related to Mr. Penruan! Then you have been basely deceiving us! Dan! Uncle Dan! come, oh, come to me! What have we done? We have fostered a reptile, who has crept into our confidence, to ruin us!"

Petrified by the wild outburst, Max neither moved nor spoke till the old fisherman, aroused from a reverie by her voice, had hurried to her side, and with his arms folded about her was sternly surveying the supposed culprit.

"What have I done?" Max demanded at last. "It is true that I have not mentioned my reasons for coming to St. Erne."

But ere he could say more, Mistress Letty had disengaged herself from Dan's embrace, whispered something in his ear, flashed one glance of sorrowful reproach at the young man, and disappeared.

He would have followed her, and insisted on being permitted to exculpate himself, but the fisherman stood in the way, and prevented it.

"Nay, my lad, nay! Seems ye have done mischief enough. I'll not have my poor little lassie troubled no more just yet."

"But do you not see that I want to explain?" cried Max, struggling with him despite his lameness; "to make her understand that she is mistaken if she believed that I would do anything dishonorable? Why should my kinship with Penruan make me a villain? I have never seen him. I do but seek him because he and my father were friends in their youth. Call her back! Let me assure her by everything I hold dear or sacred that I am not what she termed me!"

But Dan was impenetrable, and Max could not move him, either by entreaties or threats.

"I don't wish to think any harm of 'ee, my lad; nay, not I; but there's no trusting no one; and so we mun let it go."

"And you persist in suspecting me in spite of what I tell you?"

"Nay, then, nay, I'd rather think well of 'ee, my son; but we mun let it go."

"Let what go?" cried the incensed Max. "Do you mean that I must be content to let your niece believe that all the while I have been here, fed, nursed, and treated with unvarying kindness, I have been harboring some treacherous intention? Why does she fear this Squire Penruan?

"I never said she feared him," was the cautious reply.

"What, then, should make her fly from me, and distrust me, when she learns that I am related to this man?"

"I am bad at answering too many questions," said Dan; "and, after all, what do it signify, lad? If ye're true-hearted, why ye *are*; and if ye ain't, why ye *ain't*; and ye may look out for squalls if I catches ye at any mischief. I'm old, but I'm strong in the arms, and can throw my man a good fall even now!"

Max burst into a laugh, in spite of his vexation.

"I shall begin to think I am stark staring mad if this goes on much longer. Why the deuce don't you tell me what I am suspected of doing or saying?"

"Eh, but, lad, if ye have done it, what's the use? And if ye have not, why then there's the more reason for we to hold our tongues."

"Pshaw! who ever heard such reasoning as this? Answer me but one question candidly, and I will be satisfied. What makes your niece dread or dislike Mr. Penruan?"

Dan scratched his head.

"Truth is, lad, if I must speak, and I'm loath too, to say anything that might get me into trouble——"

"You have nothing to fear from me," he was earnestly assured. "I swear not to repeat aught you tell me!"

"Well then, lad, I'll own that I never knew e'er a body yet that didn't dislike the Squire, more or less."

"But Mistress Letty—it is of her I spoke—has he been dastard enough to do her any injury?"

"He's a man as allays keeps the right side of the law—allays!" said Dan, evasively.

"Why don't you say at once that you're determined to keep me in ignorance?" stormed Max, losing his temper entirely. "One word, and I have done. Will you let me see your niece, as you call her, and convince her of my truth—yes or no?"

"Nay, but I can't if I would, for she've gone, and she'll not come here no more till you've left."

"But she cannot be far off, and I will not rest till I find her!"

"Think twice't o' that, my lad," said Dan, significantly. "I mought send ye off on a wild goose chase somewhere; and if I don't, it's because I can't help thinking ye're sound at the core, after all. Ye see, it's hard to doubt the lad that ye've watched by so many nights and prayed for, when he was past praying for himself!"

"And I am honest and true, my dear old friend!" cried Max, wringing the fisherman's hand. "I'll prove it by being guided by you in everything. Only tell me what you wish me to do, and I'll do it!"

"Will ye now? That's good. Then take a berth in the Sifilde" (Sylphide)—"she's lying off the quay at this moment—and go right off to London, and luck be with ye!"

But Max began to retract.

"Leave Cornwall, and see Mistress Letty no more? Go away without one kind farewell, or the chance of exonerating myself? Impossible, Dan; I cannot quit St. Erne till I have been to Penruan. What would the Squire himself think if he ever learns that I have been in the neigeborhood all the weeks of his absence, and then skulked off as soon as he returned home? It would look as if I were really the scamp I have been called!"

"Ha' your way, lad—ha' your way," said Dan, crustily; "and don't hinder me no longer, for I ha' the drink to make for Marg'ry Gwennap's sick child, and she'll be here afore it's ready!"

"I'll write to her—to Mistress Letty," concluded Max, still detaining the old man. "You will not refuse to deliver my letter?"

"Stick it up behind the almanack, lad, and she shall have it, if ever she comes here again!"

"But you speak as if months may elapse before this happens!" Come, Dan, be generous, and promise that my letter shall be forwarded at once?"

"Stick it up, and I'll think it over. I won't say no more nor that, if ye dodgers me all day!"

Still, this was a concession; and Max, on the only scrap of paper he could find in the cottage, poured out his heart to the mysterious widow. He was far from satisfied with his composition when it was finished; but as it was impossible to make a fairer copy, without waiting until a messenger could be found and despatched to the village shop, he was forced to let it go, and hope that his fervent assurances of his honorable conduct would carry conviction to the reader.

It was some comfort to find that his epistle soon disappeared from the place where Dan bade him leave it, and that he might fairly conclude it was on its way to Mistress Letty. But no answer reached him, and very unwillingly he prepared to quit the cottage, where he could not but see that he was no longer welcome.

"But don't think you are altogether rid of me!" he said to the old fisherman, as he was bidding him farewell. "As long as I remain at Penruan Abbey, I shall come frequently to St. Erne; and you may tell your niece that nothing shall induce me to return to my own country till I have heard from her own lips that she acquits me of the charge—whatever it may be—that is brought against me!"

"I'll never remember all that, but I'll do my best," said Dan, who was diving into one of his capacious pockets. "Stop a minute, lad; there's something here I was to give ye afore ye went; so, if I haven't lost it, now's the time to let you have it—eh?"

For a long while, however, the fisherman's search seemed useless, and Max was in agony, though reproved for his excitement with a testy "What's the need o' such a fussing? 'Tis only a bit o' stone when 'tis found, that's not worth a groat to e'er o' us."

But just as the Californian despaired of receiving this parting gift, Dan gave an exulting whistle, and held towards him a horny palm, in which lay an onset cameo—a youthful head of the God of Silence, with one finger firmly pressed on the closed mouth.

Was this emblematical of Letty herself, or a warning to Max to be cautious how he named her at the Abbey? He knew not; but slipping into Dan's hand notes to an amount that would fairly reimburse the kind old man for all his trouble, he slowly climbed the cliff path, and turned his face towards Penruan, where he did not despair of finding a key to all that was now tormenting him.

Dan Calymack watched him as long as he was in sight, and then, ruefully shaking his head, went back to his village. Did he divine what his departing guest never suspected—that the perplexities of the present were but the forerunners of something darker and deeper—the first meshes of a net, from which it would not be easy to extricate the unwary feet of Max Haverynge?

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH MAX HAVERYNG MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF HIS KINSMAN.

When Max walked up the avenue leading to Penruan Abbey, he saw that smoke was curling up from some of the chimneys, while here and there a window was set open—sure tokens that the owner of the mansion had returned home at last. Squire Penruan's stay at Penzance had been prolonged from day to day and from week to week, in consequence of his inability to come to terms with the seller of some land he coveted. Over the few pounds in dispute he had haggled and argued, throwing up the bargain and returning to the charge again and again, until he had succeeded in buying at his own price. Yet, after all, he had come back to his own house in an evil humor, declaring that he had been shamefully overreached in the affair, and that the property was not worth the sum he had given for it.

The economical master of Penruan had long since converted the park into grazing land for horses and cattle, the fences coming close up to the carriage drive leading to the house. In one of these paddocks a young girl, in a linen riding skirt, and broad-leaved hat, was engaged in such equestrian feats, that Max paused to look on; admiration of her courage mingling with alarm lest she should meet with some accident.

The horse on which she was mounted was a great coarse brute, evincing such signs of ill temper, that he was wholly unfit for feminine management. Sidling, shying, then darting forward, and as suddenly stopping short, the vicious creature was evidently doing its best to throw its rider. More than once her danger was so imminent, that the excited Max was ready to spring forward to her assistance; but she contrived, somehow or other, to retain her seat, even when her steed dashed round and round the paddock at a mad gallop, as trying to the nerves of the beholder as it must have been to the strength of the lady.

From sheer exhaustion, the horse subsided presently into a quieter pace, and his rider had breathing time. Then it was that, glancing round in search of the whip that had fallen from her hand during one of the struggles for the mastery Max had been witnessing, she espied the young man leaning over the low fence, and, after bestowing upon him a long, critical stare, beckoned him to approach.

As Max, not without difficulty and pain, was climbing the bars in obedience to her summons, he remembered, for the first time, that his tourist's suit was none the better for its Cornish experience. It is true that Dan had repaired sundry rents it had received in his fall from the cliffs, but these darns were certainly not improvements to the smartly cut vestments with which Captain Renton's hint had induced him to provide himself. Sundry dents, also received in the fall, had given a disrespectable air to his hat, and the dust gathered in climbing the rude track from St. Erne was an additional disadvantage.

"I'm a pretty object or a lady's eye to light upon," he muttered, as he surveyed himself distastefully. "No doubt she takes me for one of the neighboring clowns;" and her first words confirmed the supposition.

"Come here, my good fellow, will you, and find my whip for me? It lies somewhere on the grass; but don't get too near my horse's heels, for he is as treacherous as he is ugly. Be quick, please."

After some searching, Max found the useless ivory-handled toy. But as he courteously doffed his hat while presenting it, and the searching dark orbs of the young lady took in every detail of his face and figure, her manner became a trifle less imperious.

"Thanks! I might have spoken to you more civilly, but, at the first glance, I set you down for a tramp. It was a silly mistake!" she added, hastily, as she saw him bite his lip. "Are you one of the Penruan tenants? And what is your name?"

"Haverynge!"

"Haverynge!" she repeated. "It sounds familiar, and yet I do not know you; and I thought I knew every one on or near the estate. Where do you live?"

But Max was too much engaged in inspecting her horse to reply more fully to these sharply-put queries. He walked round the animal, with upraised eyebrows and compressed lips, and finally gave his head such a grave shake, that, tapping her saddle impatiently with her whip, the young lady exclaimed, "Well, sir, do you intend to favor me with the result of your investigations?"

"Certainly, if you wish it; but I have nothing more to tell you than might have been learned from any one who has the smallest acquaintance with horseflesh. This brute will never be worth the trouble of training."

"I admit that he is ugly," said the lady. "And ill-tempered!" added Max.

"*Cela va sans dire!*" she retorted. "The one and the other are synonymous. A good-humored person cannot be ugly, and so you condemn my poor steed *in toto*."

"He never will be fit for a lady either to ride or drive. It is tempting Providence to put yourself at the mercy of such a vicious beast!"

"He is vicious, but he may—nay, he *shall*—be broken of his tricks! Do you not see that I have come off with flying colors from the contest we have just had?"

"No!" said Max, bluntly; "for I am tolerably sure that the animal is getting ready for another trial of strength, and that he will have the best of it eventually."

"The grass is soft, and I fall lightly," said the young lady, with great philosophy; "and, more than that, I have a vast amount of perseverance. If Ursa Minor throws me to-day, I'll mount her again as soon as I have got over my [illegible]. He will have to give in!"

"Unless he contrives to break your neck first!" said Max, provoked at her obstinacy. "I wish you would be persuaded to dismount. You really are risking your life—you are, indeed!" he added, so earnestly that she left off flicking the flies that buzzed round her steed's ears, and turned in her saddle to look at him.

"May I ask you where you gained your knowledge of horseflesh? You speak like an authority; your only excuse," she added, in lower tones, not meant for his ear, "for interfering in what does not concern you."

"I learned what little I know on the pampas of South America, whither I have often gone with the Guachos, who make it their business to capture the wild horses that herd there. I have shared with these men the delight of taming some fiery creature, till it would come at my call, and bend its proud neck to invite my caress. But that brute is not to be named with such horses as I allude to."

As he spoke, the amiable Ursa Minor, with a jerk at the reins, began backing and kicking more violently than before.

Max longed to interfere, but the lady's imperious "Keep back, sir!" was so decided, that he was slowly walking towards the fence, when the horse shot past him, to play the same tricks at the other side of the field, where he succeeded in ridding himself of his rider.

Max could feel his heart beat fast when he first caught sight of the empty saddle and the prostrate form that lay upon the sward. As quickly as his lameness permitted he hastened to the spot, but, ere he reached it, the young lady had raised herself, first to a sitting position, and then to her feet.

"I am not hurt," she said, reassuringly, as she met the anxious looks of the convalescent. "I slid off when I found I must be unseated."

"You look pale," said Max. "Will you allow me to give you my arm to the house?"

She drew herself up, as if amazed at the audacity of such a proposal.

"I'm quite capable of walking," she answered, coldly. "If you have business with Mr. Penruan, I should advise you not to loiter here, for he is going out presently."

"As my visit is one of pleasure rather than business," answered Max, secretly amused at her offended air, "I do not feel at all inclined to hurry myself. You honored me a few minutes ago by inquiring my name; may I be permitted to put a similar inquiry to you?"

"I suppose so," said the lady, gathering up her skirt, and walking away. "There is no law in this land to punish those who ask impertinent questions. Yonder lies your way to the house. If you ring the servants' bell, some one will come to take your message to the Squire."

Max bowed, and reclimbing the fence, took the path she had indicated. If this fiery little creature was Eleanor Penruan, report had not exaggerated her charms. She was not fair; her complexion had none of the exquisite red and white that chased each other on the cheeks of Mistress Letty; neither was she a brunette, like the Spanish donnas of his native clime. But she reminded Max of some brilliant flower or tropical bud, so vivid was her coloring, so deeply crimson the tints that glowed upon her cheeks and lips. He had some faint conception that her features were irregular, and her mouth too large for beauty; but those who gazed at Eleanor Penruan forgot to criticise as soon as they came under the spell of her arch smiles and bewildering eyes.

Max had barely reached the front of the house, when the young lady, who had availed herself of a shorter cut, stood before him, her face flushed with haste.

"I have just remembered that you must be a stranger, and that it is ungenerous to let you go any farther without a warning. If you have any boon to ask of Mr. Penruan, defer it for a day or two; he is not in the best of moods for granting favors to-day."

She disappeared before he could reply, and the only consequence of her warning was that, with frowning brows, Max rang such a peal on the visitors' bell, that the clang was heard all over the house.

The servant who opened the door bowed low to the guest, as he stepped boldly in and demanded to be shown to Mr. Penruan. Who was this Cornish squire, that every one must cringe to him, or seek or avoid him, according to the humor he was in? All the hot blood of the Californian was in tumult at the hint that had been given him; and for the sake of the family honor, he was eager to prove his father's relative less churlish than rumor implied.

He was not kept waiting long, and certainly Mr. Penruan's appearance was in his favor. Almost as tall as Max himself, though thin and spare as if with constant anxieties, his features, when lit up with a smile were really handsome. He came forward, prepared to do the honors to the "gentleman," who the servant had informed him he was waiting; but when his eye fell upon the dusty suit of Max, the whole expression of his face altered. His lips closed so resolutely that his mouth looked hard and cruel; his brows contracted, and twitched oddly; and he stood with one hand on his vest like the first Napoleon, while with the other he stroked his long Dundreary whiskers, heavily streaked with gray, prepared to refuse any request that might be proffered to him.

Undaunted by his discouraging manner, Max took a step forward and unhesitatingly introduced himself.

"Mr. Penruan, I believe? Then we are relatives. I am the only son of Edward Haverynge, who left his native country some thirty years ago, and settled in California. My desire to behold my father's birthplace brought me to this neighborhood, and I did not care to leave it without seeing the gentleman so frequently mentioned in his diary as one of his intimate friends."

The Squire's brow clouded, and instead of noticing the hand Max extended, he answered sharply enough, "I have heard of you. I am told that some weeks since, you took advantage of my absence to come wandering about the Abbey, questioning my servants, and prying into my affairs."

Max reddened with indignation.

"Asking questions I may have been, for I have been anxious to make the acquaintance of any person or persons who knew my father in his boyhood; but when you accuse me of prying into your affairs or tampering with your servants, you go out of your way, Mr. Penruan, to insult me."

The Squire hastily laid his hand on the bell-rope.

"Do you want to fasten a quarrel upon me, young man? Because, at the first appearance of violence, I shall summon my servants, and have you conveyed to the nearest gaol!"

Max smiled scornfully at his absurd fears.

"Don't alarm yourself, sir. I came here hoping that, for the sake of my dead father, you would give me a welcome. As you are not inclined to do so, it is only for your own sake, I shall regret it."

"Where do you come from?" asked the Squire, abruptly.

"This morning, do you mean? From the village on the beach, where I have been lying for some weeks at a fisherman's cottage, having broken my leg in a fall from the cliffs the night I arrived at Penruan. My home is in California."

"Why, if you were doing pretty well, did you leave that country?" demanded Mr. Penruan, testily, with an ugly contraction of his brows. "It is no use coming to me for assistance. I am not a public man. I have no interest with Government, and what is more, I cannot have poor relations lounging about my house, and living upon me."

"Why do you give me this information, Mr. Penruan?" demanded Max, haughtily. "Would it not have been as well to wait until you learned whether I came to you as a beggar?"

"How do I know that you are not an impostor?" retorted Penruan, wincing beneath the contemptuous look that Max bestowed upon him.

"If you have me watched off your premises, so that I cannot carry away your silver spoons, what will it signify to you whether I am or not?"

The two men stood glaring at each other for a few seconds; the Squire half-ashamed of his churlishness, and Max wroth at the treatment he was receiving.

"If you are *really* the son of Edward Haverynge, and will let me know at what inn you purpose staying, I shall be happy to do you any little service that lies in my power," Mr. Penruan said, at last.

"*If* I am the son of your kinsman!" Max replied. "I am not accustomed to hear my word doubted; and I'll tell you the only way in which I will take the trouble to prove my identity. Come to Aquas Dolces, the home my father's perseverance and industry secured to me, and I'll show you his portrait! Ay, and I'll put in practice for your benefit some of the good old Cornish customs he taught me. One of those, Mr. Penruan, is good will to the stranger!"

Bowing slightly, and turning on his heel, Max left the room, crossed the wide hall, and letting himself out, began leisurely retracing his steps along the avenue.

"That pretty Amazon was right," he said to himself, smiling in spite of his vexation. "It would have been wiser to defer my visit. Yet why? I have paid it, and satisfied myself that this John Penruan is just the same unsociable fellow my father decribed him. Bye-the-bye, I wonder whether a recollection of the several memorandums in my father's pocket-book of sums lent to this amiable cousin of his made him so so eager to be rid of me. He might be afraid that I came to recall them to his memory."

A hasty step behind him made the young man glance over his shoulder. A servant from the house had followed him, to say that the Squire desired him to return.

Max shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Tell your master from me that our intercourse was not so pleasant as to give me any desire to resume it."

"The Squire will be awful angry if you don't come back, sir!" said the man, so nervously, that Max burst into a laugh, and tossed him a shilling.

"Get yourself a cordial, my lad, to give you some courage. As for me, I can bear the thought of Mr. Penruan's displeasure. If he wants me, he'll find me at Mrs. Madron's, at St. Erne, for that is where I propose taking up my quarters for the present."

But before Max could turn away, the Squire himself made his appearance. He had been watching the conference from the door, and had comprehended that the young man did not intend to return. He had, therefore, come to urge his request in person, and, in compliance with his deprecating gesture, Max stood still in the pathway till Mr. Penruan came up.

There was still the same unpleasant contraction of the brows that gave such an ominous glare to his deeply set eyes; but there was once more a smile upon his lips, and he began to apologize for his conduct in terms before which the annoyance of the easily-appeased Max melted away.

"I am quite ashamed when I remember how rudely I have behaved to you, Mr. Haverynge. The fact is, I have just been very much worried over some business matters, and my memory is so bad that your father's name had quite escaped me. And so Edward Haverynge is dead, and are you his only son? He must have been very proud of you!"

"He was very fond of me," said Max, sighing a little. To his surprise, the sigh was echoed.

"I don't doubt it. To have an heir of one's own—ah! I have been denied that blessing, and it has grieved me very much. But it is no use dwelling on these things. Come, Mr. Haverynge, you must let me have the pleasure of introducing you to my wife."

Max looked doubtfully at his clothes.

"Pooh!" said the Squire; "we are too far from the metropolis here to be so precise and you can send to Penzance for anything you want. I shall insist that you make the Abbey your quarters as long as you stay in Cornwall."

"If you really wish it," said the young man, not able to reconcile the civilities with the rudeness and distrust he had just encountered.

"Of course I wish it. Now that you have convinced me that you are the son of my old friend"—("How have I done so?" queried Max, mentally)—"I cannot think of letting you leave us. Come, come; I am quite impatient to take you to Mrs. Penruan. She is an invalid, but she always exerts herself to receive my friends, and she will be delighted to question you about California."

And so—will he, nill he—the Squire slipped his arm through that of Max, and led him back in triumph.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARRIAGE, AS A STUDY.

We array ourselves for marriages in flowers and wear dark mourning-dresses for the last sorrowful festivity which attends a fellow-being to his repose. And this often might be exactly reversed. But the custom is beautiful—for the sight of a young bride invites the heart involuntarily to joy. The festive attire, the myrtle wreath upon the virgin brows; all the affectionate looks, and the anticipations of the future, which beautifully accompany her—all enrapture us. One sees in them a new home of love raised on earth; a peaceful Noah's Ark on the wild flood of life, in which the white dove of peace will dwell and build her nest; loving children, affectionate words, looks, and love-warm hearts, will dwell in the new home; friends will enjoy themselves under its hospitable roof; and much beautiful activity, and many a beautiful gift, will thence go forth, and full of blessing, diffuse itself over life. There stands the young bride, creator of all this—hopes and joys go forth from her. No one thinks of sufferings at a marriage festival.

This is the bright side of the picture; but there is a more serious, a more philosophic, a more worldly view to be taken of it. Yes—and a more general view, because we must not think of it only as novelists love to describe it in our own country. In fact, marriage exists everywhere, to be studied by the moral observer. He must watch the character of courtship wherever he goes; whether the young lady is negotiated for and promised by her guardians, without having seen her intended, like the poor girl who, when she asked her mother to point out her future husband from among a number of gentlemen, was silenced with the rebuke, "What is that to you?" or whether they are left free to exchange their faith "by flowing stream, through woods, or craggy wild," as in the United States; or whether there is a medium between these two extremes, as in England. He must observe how fate is defied by lovers in various countries. Scotch lovers agree to come together after so many years spent in providing the "plenishing." Irish lovers conclude the business, in case of difficulty, by appearing before the priest the next morning. There is recourse to a balcony and rope-ladder in one country; a steamboat and back-settlement in another; trust and patience in a third; and intermediate flirtations, to pass the time, in a fourth. He must note the degree of worldly ambition which attends marriages, and which may therefore be supposed to stimulate them; how much space the house with two rooms in humble life, and the country-seat and carriages in higher life, occupy in the mind of bride or bridegroom. He must mark whether women are made absolutely the property of their husbands in mind and in estate, or whether the wife is treated more or less professedly as an equal party in the agreement. He must observe whether there is an excluded class, victims to their own superstition or in a false social obligation, wandering about to disturb by their jealousy or licentiousness those whose lot is happier. He must observe whether there are domestic arrangements for home enjoyments, or whether all is planned on the supposition of pleasure lying abroad; whether the reliance is on books, gardens, and play with children, or on the opera, parties, the ale-house, or dances on the green. He must mark whether the ladies are occupied with their household cares in the morning, and the society of their husbands in the evening, or with embroidery and looking out of balconies; with receiving company all day, or gadding abroad; with the library or the nursery. In each country, called civilized, he will meet with almost all these varieties; but in each there is such a prevailing character in the aspect of domestic life, that intelligent observation will enable him to decide, without much danger of mistake, as to whether marriage is merely an arrangement of convenience, in accordance with low morals, or a sacred institution, commanding the reverence and affection of a virtuous people.

TEMPER.

A hasty temper often leads young men into great mistakes. It frequently causes them to misunderstand an employer's intention, and to resent as an insult what was meant only as a just rebuke. In this way a young man sometimes loses a valuable situation, and has to begin the world over again. And, unfortunately, his hasty temper does not permit him to learn wisdom from his experience. On the contrary, it too often leads him again into the same mistake, and he is again set adrift. His temper grows worse and worse, until, at last, he becomes unbearable, and nobody will long keep him in employment. On the other hand, a good temper and an obliging disposition, when combined with honesty and industry, are invaluable qualities in everyone who has his way to make in the world.

Ladies of Fashion.

To preserve the fresh glow of juvenility against the lapse of years and time's effacing fingers is an object which has ever been dear to those gifted with beauty and personal charms. A benefactor of the race has invented a toilet preparation known as the "Bloom of Youth," which has accomplished wonders in aiding nature to retain the much prized gifts. Laird's "Bloom of Youth" is undoubtedly the best preparation in the world for removing all blemishes and discoloration from the skin, leaving it clear, soft and beautiful. Sold at all druggists. Depot 5 Gold street, New York. Price 75 cents.

THE DAWN OF LOVE.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

Morn's skies are fairer than night's with its moon,
Ev'n when dense clouds, freighted with heavy rain,
Bar out the sunshine from the hill and plain,
Where the descending showers shall conquer soon;
For day, though in its cradle, decks its brows
With a bright smile the face of night ne'er knows,
And aye, its dawn is brighter than its noon!

'Tis so with love! Whatever cares attune
The heart to sadness, Love can o'er it fling
A joy than skylark's sweeter when its wing
Seizes the sunlight's salutary boon.
Yet I believe, whatever folks may say
Of Love, that lasts from youth till life's decay,
That still its dawn is brighter than its noon.

Brighter are morning's flowers, ere yet the sun
Hath kissed away the dews that wring perfume
From every early bud and infant bloom;
Brighter the woods and fields; the brooks that run
In quiet graces at opening morn. And so
Believe all that I say—for I do know
The dawn of love is brighter than its noon.

Hath manhood such a smile as that doth run
Athwart an infant's innocent features, when
It trusts all women, laugheth on all men?
Believe me, no! Time wakes up passion soon;
And when the freshness of life's fount's run out,
We chill, we change! Ah, me! I cannot doubt
The dawn of Love is sweeter than its noon.

I wish it were not so. But, as the tune
Of larks at morn, which endeth with the day,
Love hath a season for a descant gay;
'Tis a bright rose—to perish, too, as soon:
Therefore, whate'er the youthful eye may see,
The burden of old age's song must be—
The dawn of love is brighter than its noon.

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "PLIGHTED IN PERIL," ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 51, Vol. 48. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXX.

A TRANSFORMATION.

It was a bright day in May of the year 1778. The American army, which had gone through that terrible winter at Valley Forge, and borne its discouragements, privations and sufferings with the most heroic spirit, was gladdened into new life by the oncoming of spring. It was in the position of a man who has gone through a life-draining disease, and is in all the pleasant reaction of recovery. To have arrived at a season when thinness of clothing was rather pleasant than otherwise, and when food was becoming once more abundant in the camp, was to have reached an Elysium of happiness that was disturbed by no visions of disaster from the English army. The latter had been so long inactive that the Americans were little disturbed by their propinquity, nothing of more importance than a cavalry skirmish having occured for months.

Washington, with a sense of relief which affected his soldiers, struggling through his heavier anxieties, sat in his tent this warm May afternoon, busy with a dispatch just received, which seemed to closely occupy his attention.

He had laid it down to listen to the report of a scout who had just come in from the vicinity of the British lines.

Quickly gathering his not very important information, the commander was about to resume the perusal of his dispatch, when he was again interrupted.

"There are two ladies without who are very desirous of an interview," said Colonel Reed, entering.

"Some matter of no importance, I fear," said Washington, looking up. "You will please learn their business, Colonel. I am engaged."

"I have tried to relieve you," said the Colonel, "but with no effect. They decline to state their business to any but yourself."

"I hope they will prove no farmers' wives who have lost a fowl by the rapacity of my soldiers," said Washington, with an air of resignation. "That was the business of the last lady who insisted on seeing me."

"These are persons of a different type," said the Colonel. "They are veiled, so that I was unable to see their faces; but they have the bearing of ladies."

"Admit them," said Washington, thrusting aside his despatch.

The Colonel left the tent, and returned in a few minutes, accompanied by the ladies in question.

"Whom have I the honor of receiving?" asked Washington, courteously rising as they entered.

The foremost of the two threw back her veil, revealing the intelligent and attractive features of Madge Lawson. She was somewhat pale, and her voice shook with diffidence as her eyes fell on the kindly but dignified countenance of Washington.

"I have come to entreat your clemency in behalf of a prisoner now confined in the camp," she timidly said.

"A prisoner?" he replied, looking towards the Colonel.

"There are several prisoners in the guard house," said the latter. "Will the lady please name the one to which she refers?"

"To none of these," she replied. "You have two prisoners under sentence of death."

"Ha!" exclaimed Washington, looking closely into her face. "Is it he known as Captain Fitz who has excited your interest?"

"No, your Excellency," was her faint answer. "It is Allen Brooks."

"I am sorry, then, my dear young lady, to have to say that I cannot listen to you on this subject," said Washington, with much feeling in his voice. "Allen Brooks has sinned so deeply against his country that pardon is beyond my power. I would you had asked any other favor at my hands."

"He has been much maligned," said Madge, with more firmness. "I cannot tell all I know concerning him, for it was given me under promise of secrecy; but I know that if your Excellency knew all, you would deeply regret condemning this man."

"I am willing to learn anything unknown to me," he kindly replied. "You must permit me to say, however, that the evidence against him is so direct and plentiful that no question remains as to his guilt."

"You have been misinformed," she cried, excitedly. "I know that he has been utterly misunderstood and belied."

"I am ready to hear you in his behalf," was the grave reply of Washington.

"But I can say nothing! I am bound by a promise!" she replied in a tone of deep feeling.

"A promise cannot be binding where a man's life is in question."

"Have you seen him? Have you talked with him? I know he can clear himself of the charges against him," was her excited utterance. "I cannot speak further."

"Captain Conrad reported his important capture to me," replied the General. "I declined to see Allen Brooks. The proofs against him are beyond question, and an interview with him could have been productive of no good results. The laws of nations prescribe but one fate for spies. It is beyond my power to change them."

"It is not! It is not!" she cried, excitedly. "He is innocent of any crime against his country! Your kind heart cannot permit this murder!"

"I am deeply sorry for this young lady, Colonel Reed," said Washington. "I would that her errand had been different from this. It pains me exceedingly to deny her request, and to desire that this interview should close."

"Will you permit one more word in his behalf?" said the lady who had until now remained silent.

"It would be better not," said Washington, gently. "It would but add to the grief of your friend to debate further on this distressing subject."

"But I am bound by no promise. Suppose I bring forward something really in his favor? Suppose I advance a claim upon yourself?"

"A claim on me?" said Washington, looking as if he would pierce her veil. "A claim of what nature?"

"One for which I have your promise of repayment," said the lady, removing her veil, and revealing the full but handsome face of Letty Snyder.

"What! the lady of Whitemarsh! The savior of our army!" he cried, starting back.

"I make no such claim as that," she replied. "But I did you a service."

"An invaluable one," he warmly replied.

"In return for which I ask the liberty of Allen Brooks."

"But you said that you could advance something in his favor," replied Washington, as if to escape answering her unwelcome demand.

"I can only say that I know so much of him as to know that the charges against him must be untrue."

"Name something definite," said Washington. "I would be glad to serve you, but there are some favors which my position forbids me from granting."

"For one thing," said Letty, decisively, "he captured Captain Fitz. This was surely not the act of a traitor to his country."

"He captured the tory leader!" repeated Colonel Reed, in deep surprise.

"No," said a clear voice at the door. "The lady before you is the captor of the notorious renegade."

It was the voice of Captain Conrad.

"You!" said Washington, looking wonderingly at her.

"I make no such claim," she replied, with a deep blush.

"Let me make it for you then, and claim for you the reward for his capture," said Conrad.

"I wish no reward," she said, decisively. "I seized and held him for a moment, it is true. But he would soon have escaped from me if Mr. Brooks had not come to my aid."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Conrad dryly, as he remembered sundry evidences of her strength of arm.

"This affair has assumed an unlooked-for phase," said Washington, his eyes fixed with admiration on the beauty of her flushed face. "Miss Snyder is decidedly the heroine of the Revolution. Colonel Reed will you see that the prisoner, Allen Brooks, is brought into my presence. I shall gladly give him the benefit of every doubt in his favor."

The guard-house in which these important captives had been temporarily confined, was but a short distance from headquarters. Colonel Reed returned after an absence of scarcely five minutes.

There was a trace of excitement on his face. He came hurriedly into the tent remarking:

"I left orders for him to be brought here. It will be but a moment."

"There is something else, Colonel," said Washington, gravely regarding him. "Has anything serious occurred?"

"Something exciting at least. The bullet has done the work of the rope."

"What do you mean?" cried Madge, springing excitedly forward, with distended eyes. "Who—who——"

She broke down utterly with the stress of emotion.

"Captain Fitz," was the calm reply of Colonel Reed.

"It is nothing then to distress these ladies," said Washington. "What has happened?"

"The renegrade prisoner escaped from the guard-house. He slipped unseen through the greater part of the camp. He had somehow obtained the word, and had passed the outer line of sentries. He had almost reached the line of the thicket to the left of the camp when one of the guards recognized him. He called to him to return, but Fitz replied by running at full speed for the thicket."

"And then?" asked Conrad, to much excited to remain silent.

"There was a musket shot. Captain Fitz's infamous career is ended," said Colonel Reed.

Madge turned pale as death at these ominous words. She was supported by the arm of her more steadfast friend.

"This is an arbitrary solution of the difficulty," said Conrad, feelingly. "With all his faults he was a brave man. I am not sorry that he escaped a felon's death."

Washington's face was turned away. He silently awaited the arrival of the other prisoner.

Five minutes elapsed in which not a word was spoken in the tent. Washington had resumed his seat and waited quietly, with a sombre expression of countenance. The others stood, their faces full of varying emotions. Madge seemed horror-stricken at the sudden fate of her prosecutor. Even her more staid friend, Letty, grew pallid and trembling.

This distressing silence was broken by a surprise that drove all thoughts of the occurrence from their minds.

This was the entrance of the provost-marshal with the prisoner committed to his charge.

All started in astonishment as they looked into the face of the latter. An exclamation burst from Washington's lips.

"Whom do you bring us here?" he cried. "Is this the man sent for?"

"Is it not the spy, Allen Brooks?" said the provost in surprise. "It was not I imprisoned him, but this is the man I found in the prison."

Madge Lawson was looking with distended eyes, in which a sense of recognition was slowly dawning, at the man before her. She seemed fascinated by his face.

"There is some strange mistake here," said Washington. "How came this transformation, sir?" he continued addressing the prisioner.

"I dunno, Gineral," was the reply. "Strikes me I'm the same chap that run away with the sloop afore Trenton. I never go back on the record of Perce Brown."

Conrad looked with surprise at the freckeled face and sandy whiskers of the man before him, one with whose name he was very familiar, though he had never before seen him.

"This is one of my most efficient secret agents," said Washington to Colonel Reed, whose face had expressed deep astonishment. "I hope he will be kind enough to solve the mystery in which he has involved himself."

"I think I can do it," said Madge Lawson, stepping forward to the prisoner.

For a moment he was hidden from the the others by her form. His hands were mysteriously occupied about his face. Then she stepped aside and revealed a very different person.

The freckles and straggling whiskers had disappeared from his mouth. In place of his rustic and humorous expression was the firm mouth, handsome face and resolute look of Allen Brooks.

"Well, this is witchery with a vengeance!" cried Captain Conrad, in a surprise that made him forget the presence of Washington. "If it ain't Brooks, the spy, twitched out of the skin of a Jersey farmer, then I'm an idiot."

"That is my name," said the prisoner, folding his arms, his face assuming a grave but assured expression.

Madge silently took his hand and stood proudly beside him, her eyes fixed pleadingly on the earnest face of Washington. The latter was looking closely at the prisoner, a puzzled, curious expression upon his features.

"You are Allen Brooks, the British spy?" he asked.

"Men call me so," was the reply.

"Where have I seen you before?"

"I had hopes your Excellency would remember me," was the quiet answer of the prisoner.

"Ah! I remember now!" cried Washington quickly, a rare smile irradiating his face. "Colonel Reed, this is the man who rode from New York to bring me word of the British movement to the Chesapeake. As Perce Brown he has been a valuable secret agent."

"And they call him a spy of the British?" said the Colonel, looking at him with undisguised interest. "There is some mystery here."

There was a questioning look upon Washington's face as he again turned to the prisoner, whose fine, firm face and upright attitude betokened anything but guilt.

"I have been long living a veiled life," said Brooks, in reply to this look. "It has become impossible that I should continue it longer. I am an American, with as devoted a love of my country and as patriotic a soul as any one here. Indeed, I have more reason to hate the British than many of you, as my father fell massacred in the streets of Boston, on an occasion of which you are all well aware. I then vowed to be a thorn in the side of our invaders. I have fulfilled my vow by acting seemingly as an agent of theirs, really as a spy of the American cause. To do this I have been obliged to run serious dangers in order to preserve my secret, and to give our foes many pieces of information of some importance to save my credit with them. I do not think, however, that they have derived much benefit from my news, while——"

"While the American cause is deeply indebted to you," said Washington, interrupting. "You have done your duty, sir, nobly. You may retire. Your prisoner is released," he said to the provost. "There is no call for pardon here. There may be some for reward."

"I have my reward, in your approbation," said Brooks proudly.

"I am glad you have spoken," said Madge, pressing his hand. "I have long dreaded this life of yours."

"Ha! here is *another traitor*!" said Colonel Reed, looking at Madge.

"So she knew your innocence!" said Washington. "She is worthy of you, sir, for she kept your secret more like a brave man than a timid woman. Let it be my reward for your services to be present when a certain happy wedding day arrives, and give away the bride."

"Oh, your excellency. That will be an honor far beyond my deserts!" cried Brooks, gratefully.

Madge had laid her happy face on his shoulder. She was too full of pride and joy for speech.

"There will be a double wedding on that happy day," said Captain Conrad, catching the hand of Letty.

"You are taking a great deal on yourself," cried the latter, pulling her hand away, a deep blush upon her face.

"Ah! my brave heroine! This is a day of surprises," said Washington in his kindest tone. "You shall have the Captain Fitz reward as a wedding gift."

"That my country needs more than I," was Letty's reply. "I would much rather have the wedding gift you have promised Madge."

"Well, I may take that, at least, for a consent," cried Conrad, again clasping the hand of the blushing girl. "And if General Washington will so deeply favor us——"

"When shall this double wedding take place?" asked the commander.

"On the day in which our forces occupy Philadelphia, after the British evacuation," said Conrad.

"Oh! but that may be so long," cried Madge, with an innocent haste that brought a smile to all their faces.

"Shall I complete my business as a spy by giving you one last, but important piece of information?" said Brooks.

"Certainly," said Washington, turning to him. If it is anything that can be spoken openly."

"It is that some very serious counsels have been held recently by the British commanders, of whose results I have received reliable information. Within a month the enemy will have evacuated Philadelphia, and——"

"We shall all be married," cried Gordon, with irrepressible energy.

"Are you sure of this?" asked Washington, hastily. "On what grounds would such an evacuation take place?"

"On the grounds of the French Alliance," replied Brooks.

"This is indeed most important," said Washington. "You will all keep what you have heard a secret for the present. One moment, Mr. Brooks," he continued, writing rapidly. "Here is a safeguard for you. It may prove necessary to save you from some who are not aware of your present position. You will please remain, Colonel Reed, I wish to confer with you," he continued, as the happy lovers filed out of the tent.

Two days after that interview the American camp broke up, and the army was moved to a new position, nearer Philadelphia, and within easy reach of the Delaware.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE WEDDING MARCH.

It is Saturday, the 20th of June, 1778. Two days ago the event described by Allen Brooks to General George Washington duly took place. The British army evacuated the city of Philadelphia, of which they had now, for eight months, held almost undisturbed possession. They crossed the river to Gloucester Point, and have taken up their line of march across the State of New Jersey. Many of their soldiers however, not liking this hasty departure, have preferred to remain behind, hiding themselves in cellars and otherwise, until all anxious inquirers had disappeared. More than one officer, too, slept so late that Thursday morning, as to subject him to danger of capture, and had to make hasty flight across the river in borrowed boats. Yesterday General Arnold, at the head of an American detachment, marched in and took formal possession of the city.

So sayeth a veracious eye-witness of the scene, and goes on to describe the transports of the inhabitants, not of Tory persuasion, and the general hilarity and warm welcoming of the American soldiery, as in a's the pomp and triumph of bands and banners they marched into the streets of the city.

The sky by night was lit with the blaze of bonfires; the summer air was rent with the echo of cheers; neighbors who had met in despondency the day before now shook hands and greeted each other with radiant faces, while the passage of the troops was a perfect ovation.

Hasty as was the evacuation it had been deliberately prepared for. Nothing of any special importance was left behind, and their wounded were all removed, among them the seriously injured cavalry officer, Captain Collins, who was in a state of convalescence, but likely to remember by weeks to come of suffering and debility the lesson in morals he had received at the hands of his rival, Captain Conrad.

Our two heroines, Madge Lawson and Letty Snyder, had been amply revenged for the injuries done them, though the reader will probably conclude that the latter had herself sufficiently repaid her false lover for his deceitful suit.

Our chronicler, however, has omitted to mention one feature of the ceremonies in reoccupation of the city which is of special importance to us: namely, a double wedding which took place in the now-venerable Christ Church, on the afternoon of this sunny Saturday of joyful recollection.

Captain Conrad led to the hymenal altar our buxom friend Letty Snyder, who had no great difficulty in consenting to yield her liberty to his keeping. Allen Brooks led the sweet-faced Madge Lawson, whose hand held his with a nervous and clinging pressure as if her whole soul leaned confidingly upon his in this happy wedding march.

The church was thronged with the beauty and wealth of the city, not from any special interest in these comparatively unknown persons, but because of the rumor that had somehow gained currency that General Washington would be present to give away the brides.

And when entered the handsome, well-dressed grooms, and their beautiful ladies, resplendant in white and lace, with a long bridal train of bridesmaides and groomsmen, among whom stood most prominent the tall and dignified form of George Washington, the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. The waving of handkerchiefs, the clapping of hands, the cries of welcome and joyful acclamations, were so involuntary and enthusiastic, that all hearts in the wedding troupe throbbed with joy, while a smile of warm pleasure irradiated the fine face of Washington as he gratefully acknowledged the plaudits of his friends and admirers.

A chorus of youthful voices filled the church with music, a choral wedding air, as the party slowly advanced and ranged themselves before the altar. But when the voice of the officiating bishop rose in the impressive marriage service of the Episcopal church, a hush came upon the audience that was almost painful in its intensity.

Hardly a breath disturbed the attentive silence until the long ceremony was over, and the two happy couples were united in matrimonial bonds, their hearts elate with the distinguished honor which had been conferred upon them by the presence and active interest of the illustrious Commander-in-Chief of the American forces.

Then, a loud chorus of congratulations arose, the people breaking from the restraint of the pews, and crowding enthusiastically around the wedding party, while hand-shakings, well-wishings, and a thousand hopes of future happiness to the young couples were showered upon them.

"And now I must bid you farewell, my dear young friends," said Washington, his face beaming with the warmth of his heart, "and leave with you my warmest hopes that happiness may attend you through life. Our army is already crossing the Delaware in pursuit of the retiring British. I must join them, with the hope that the good work commenced this week in Philadelphia, may be continued, until not a foe is left upon our happy land."

Never before, and never since, did such a shout rise in the solemn confines of Christ Church, as greeted these words from their beloved General, as he slowly made his way to the door of the church, and disappeared from their view.

Let us go out with him into the great world, and permit our characters to, in like manner, disappear from our view, except that we give a hasty parting glance at their future.

The happiness predicted then, did not fail to attend their pathways through life. Though the brides suffered many pangs of dread and expectation for their husbands, who continued actively engaged in the war unto its end, they were enabled to welcome them at its close, safe and unharmed, and full of the honors gained in that long strife; Conrad wearing upon his shoulder the epaulets of a Colonel, while his friend and comrade, was now known as Major Brooks, of the Westchester Guards.

Sergeant Kerr survived the introduction of his old spy and enemy into his own regiment, and gradually became a warm admirer of the bravery of the man whom he had once so bitterly pursued.

He came home with Colonel Conrad, to whom he was devotedly attached, and spent the remainder of his life with him at his mansion near Germantown.

Major Brooks made his future home in the old Lawson homestead, which became the inheritance of his wife after the old inmates had died, full of age and honors; Mr. Lawson being fully converted from his loyalty to King George, and his faith in the invincibility of the British arms.

Gordon, the assistant of Brooks in his long search for his betrothed, took up his future residence with him. He had once been a servant of the father of the reputed spy, and by his long subsequent residence in Chester county, and intimate knowledge of the people there, had become well adapted to assist in the long pursuit of the renegade Captain Fitz.

Years lay lightly on Letty Snyder, and time added charms to Madge Lawson, (that were)—for happiness is a rare reliever of human faces from the weight of age, and beauty dwells long upon that face whose expression is the outgrowth of a contented and cheerful mind.

The Conrad and Brooks families continued close friends for years after the date in which they disappear from our vision, their friendship reaching downward through new generations.

For all we know to the contrary, there may yet be a Conrad and a Brooks of their line, dwelling in the once debatable land between the American and British armies, and keeping up the ancient friendship borne so long ago in the hearts of Madge Lawson and Letty Snyder.

THE END.

ALWAYS BEHIND TIME.

BY MARY SEYMOUR.

"My child, you are late again this morning," said Mr. Forester, mildly, to his only daughter, a young girl of fourteen, who had just made her appearance at the breakfast table. "I'm afraid you'll get into a habit of always being behind time."

The young lady made no reply, but took her seat, with something of a pout on her pretty lips.

"Laura, are you not ready yet?" called her mother, about a year after, as she stood at the foot of the stairs, waiting to go out with her daughter. "I declare, my dear," she added, as Laura at last appeared, "you are getting worse and worse. I really am afraid that your father is right, and that you will always be behind time."

The usually handsome features of Laura had just the least bit of a sulky look on them as she answered her mother.

"Goodness, mamma, what a fuss you make! I'm only five or ten minutes late. Pa and you always worry me so, with your nervousness about being behind time."

"We do it for your good, my love," said the mother, in a kind tone. "We do not, however, personally, care so much about waiting; though a child ought hardly, I should think, to detain a parent under any circumstances. If there is one bad habit in a woman worse than another, it is the habit of procrastination. You are always late, Laura, because you always put off, till the last minute, doing what you have to do. When you are called in the morning, you think 'I will lie a little while longer,' and so are never down in time for breakfast. When you are going out with me, as to-day, you keep reading your novel till almost the moment you ought to start, and then have to dress in a hurry, and be behind time, after all."

"Well, haven't I heard that again and again," undutifully retorted Laura. "I'm tired of this sermonizing."

And she frowned as she spoke, looking positively ugly.

When Laura was eighteen, she fell in love, and, with the consent of her parents, she was engaged. A radical change seemed to take place in her character. She was never late for Harry. If he had asked her to ride; if they were going to concert; if it was an evening party they had promised to attend, Laura was ready, to the moment, looking as blooming and happy as it was possible. More than this, she was always attired with perfect neatness; whereas, in the old times, she had often been dressed carelessly, in consequence of her haste.

"I am glad to see such a reformation in Laura," said Mrs. Forester to her husband. "I used, sometimes, to tremble for her future."

"Let us hope for the best," replied Mr. Forester, "but do not let us be too confident. Laura is naturally indolent; and I fear after she is married the old habits will come back."

And he sighed.

Alas! his prediction was correct. Laura had not been married long, before she began to be as ate at her husband's breakfast-table as she had been at her father's. If she had been poorer, she would have been compelled to get up, in order to prepare the meal herself; but her means now were larger than they had ever been, she had competent servants, and she had few household cares. At first, when she came down late, and found she had kept her husband waiting, she blushed with shame, and resolved never to be guilty in this way again. But this soon wore off, and before a year was over, it was the exception, not the rule, for the young wife to be punctual.

Nor did it stop here. In everything she was late. She was rarely ready in time for church, for an evening visit, for the opera, for anything. She would lounge on a sofa, reading the latest novel, or dozing till the very last minute, and then dress in such a hurry that she was hardly ever neat. Her haste often influenced her temper, making her irritable, or peevish. Her idle habits finally affected her health, and, through her health, her beauty. She became sallow in complexion. Her movements grew languid. She lost the brightness that had once been her principal charm. Her face wore, not unfrequently, a discontented, even sullen look.

For, in proportion as she disregarded her husband's comfort, and neglected her personal appearance, his affection for her began to decline. He had loved her for certain fancied excellencies; and when he found that he had been deceived, the shock was a great one to him. Harry would have made a very domestic man, if his fireside had been as pleasant as it should have been; but when he found his dinner late, his wife never ready, and his house full of discomforts, he began to be less at home. Things went from bad to worse. Laura resented his absence as an insult, and there were often angry disputes. In her father's house, she had, as we have seen, been sometimes pettish, and disrespectful; and she was no better now in her husband's.

Laura has been married five years. A more untidy house you would not wish to see. "As the mistress is, so the servant," says an old proverb. Everybody, from the cook to the coachman, is behind time. Her husband spends most of his evenings at his club, does not always dine at home, and has settled down into polite indifference towards his wife. He is not without blame; but Laura is most in fault. She has made her bed, and must lie in it. She is not happy. How can she be? But she never thinks of reform. Her habits of indolence and procrastination are too strong for her; and she will remain their slave till the day of her death.

CHOOSING A WIFE.

Never marry a woman merely because she has a handsome face or a well-turned figure; for we soon become insensible to angelic forms and faces. If her countenance has life and intelligence, if her walk and carriage are modest and lady-like, and if the whole appearance indicate she has mind, heart, and soul, why she is worth all the simpering, mincing, flirting, affected misses that ever brought good looks as their only marriage dower. If the fair one you are addressing is rich in houses, lands, bank-stock, or railway shares, her worldly gear should not prove an insurmountable objection; but if is she poor, like yourself, so much the better. There is nothing like a young couple, about the age of twenty, starting in life with fond hearts, clear heads, easy consciences, and empty pockets. You have something to hope for, to work for, to live for! Your early struggles with the crosses of this cross will only bind you the closer to your young, ardent, and loving wife.

THERE is nothing like beginning with settled economical principles. Extravagance is a habit easily contracted, and goes on increasing in volume as a snowball does when rolling down hill.

AT our request, Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have promised to send any of our readers gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage), a sample of Dobbins' Electric soap to try. Send at once.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

A GOOD REMEDY FOR BLISTERED FEET FROM LONG WALKING.—Rub the feet on going to bed with spirits mixed with tallow dropped from a lighted candle into the palm of the hand.

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—To cure it, apply to the neck, behind and on each side, a cloth dipped in cold water, or wash the temples, nose, and neck with vinegar, or snuff up vinegar and water.

DRESS WASH.—Ladies will find the following dress-wash very useful for little spots on any black garment—one quart of boiling water, half an ounce of camphor, one ounce of borax; after cooling, add half a pint of alcohol.

TO CLEAN POTS.—The best way to clean the inside of old iron pots and pans is to fill them with water in which a few ounces of washing soda is dissolved, and set them on fire. Let the water boil until the inside of the pot looks clean.

TOOTHACHE.—A sure cure for a pain in a hollow tooth is said to be a mixture of powdered alum and common salt, applied with a lock of cotton wool. A sensation of coldness follows the application, after which the pain gradually subsides.

MATTRESSES.—Hair, or even straw mattresses, are more healthy to sleep on than feather beds. Never put children on these heating beds. Keep their sleeping-rooms very clean and well aired, and do not cumber them with unnecessary furniture.

TO CLEAN MARBLE.—To restore the color of a marble mantle-piece which has become stained, mix up a quantity of the strongest soap lye with quicklime to the consistency of milk, and lay it on the stone for twenty-four hours. Clean afterwards with soap and water.

AN EXCELLENT JELLY FOR THE SICK-ROOM.—Take rice, sago, pearl, barley, hartshorn shavings, of each one ounce; simmer with three pints of water till reduced to one, and strain. When cold, it will be jelly, of which give, dissolved in wine, milk or broth, in turn with the other nourishment.

CREAM MUFFINS.—One quart sweet milk (half cream if you can get it), one quart of flour, heaping; six eggs, one tablespoonful butter and the same of lard melted together. Beat the eggs light—the yolks and whites separately, add the milk, with a little salt, then the shortening, lastly the flour, stirring in lightly. Bake immediately in well greased rings, half filled with batter; oven hot, send to the table at once.

SCENT POWDER.—A good receipt for scent powder to be used for wardrobes, boxes, &c., far finer than any mixture sold at the shops, is the following:—Coriander, orris root, rose leaves and aromatic calamus, each one ounce; lavender flowers, two ounces; rhodium wood, one-fourth of a drachm; musk, five grains. These are to be mixed and reduced to a coarse powder. This scents clothes as if fragrant flowers had been pressed in their folds.

FOR TAKING WINE, PEACH AND ALL KINDS OF FRUIT STAINS FROM TABLE LINEN.—Two ounces chloride of lime, two ounces of sal soda. Dissolve the lime in one pint of water, stirring it until there are no lumps. Dissolve the soda in one pint of warm water; mix together and let it stand for half an hour, or until clear, then pour into a bottle and cork tight. When used add one-third clear water. This will whiten the linen also.

CHOW-CHOW.—Boil in one quart of vinegar a quarter of a pound of mustard, mixed as for table use, two ounces of ginger, two ounces of white pepper, a very little mace, with a few cloves. Take one dozen large cucumbers, peeled and sliced, place in a selve with a handful of salt, let them stand in ten minutes, and then put in jars. When the vinegar is cold enough, pour it over and tie down tight. This chow-chow will be fit for use in one week, and will keep good a year.

TO CURL THE HAIR.—There is no preparation which will make naturally straight hair assume a permanent curl. The following will keep the hair in curl for a short time: Take borax, two ounces; gum arabic, one drachm; and hot water, not boiling, one quart; stir, and, as soon as the ingredients are dissolved, add three tablespoonfuls of strong spirits of camphor. On retiring to rest, wet the hair with the above liquid, and roll in twists of paper as usual. Do not disturb the hair until morning, when untwist and form into ringlets.

EATING FRUIT.—Fruit should be eaten as food, not as a mere pastime; it should be eaten at the table, as a portion of the regular meal, but sparingly at late meals. All cooked food impairs the power of the stomach to digest uncooked substances; therefore, so long as we are accustomed to cooked food, we must be careful in regard to the time when we eat fruits in their natural state. Hence, so long as we are accustomed to cooked food, the stomach will always digest fruit in its natural state better in the early than in the latter part of the day.

EXPULSION OF FLIES.—The Rev. George Meares Drought, writing from Ireland to the *Times*, says: "For three years I have lived in a town, and during that time my sitting-room has been free from flies, three or four only walking about my breakfast-table, while all my neighbors' rooms were crowded. I often congratulated myself on my escape, but never knew the reason of it until two days ago. I then had occasion to move my goods to another house, while I remained on for two days longer. Among other things moved were two boxes of geraniums and Calceolarias, which stood in my window, the windows being always open to full extent, top and bottom. The boxes were not gone half an hour before my room was as full of flies as those around me. This, to me, is a new discovery, and perhaps it may serve to encourage others in that which is always a source of pleasure, and which now proves also to be a source of comfort."—*London Garden.*

MOCK-TURTLE SOUP.—Get half a calf's head, with the skin on, neatly scalded, and a pound of dairy-fed pickled pork, rather fat; let the head be well soaked and cleaned, and the salt washed from the pork: put both into the stew-pan, with one good-sized onion, a small head of celery (both cut in pieces), a few sweet herbs, and a little mace and pepper; cover the whole with about four quarts of water, and let it boil gently till the meat is tender; then take out the head and the pork; separate the meat from the bones, return the bones into the soup, let them boil for two or three hours, and then pour it into a pan to cool; cut the meat into small square pieces and prepare a few egg balls and forcemeat balls; take the fat off the soup, and then return it to the stew-pan, and, when quite hot, strain it through a sieve; then put in as many pieces of the calf's head as you think proper, and about half the pieces of pork, which will form a substitute for the fat of the turtle, at the same time that it will improve the flavor of the soup; put in also the forcemeat and egg balls, adding a small portion of cayenne pepper and the juice of half a lemon; let the whole boil for a short time, and it will be fit for use. If you wish to brown the above, put a little of the fat into the frying-pan, dredge it with flour, fry it brown, stirring it to avoid burning; then return it to the soup, and stir it well in.

Creme de la Creme—"A SKIN OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER."—Every woman should be beautiful, just as every man should be dutiful. But no woman, however elegantly formed or splendidly developed, can be beautiful unless her "human face divine" is free from all spot or blemish. And this is the case with very few women. A clear, brilliant, transparent complexion is the rarest thing in the world, and the most desirable. But there is now, since DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD invented his ORIENTAL CREAM or MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER no reason why any lady should not have a complexion as clear and bright as crystal. No such certain preventive against freckles, tan, pimples, discoloration, and every other species of facial disfigurement, was ever dreamed of. Its beautifying effect is immediate. Dr. GOURAUD has thousands of testimonials to this effect, many of them from distinguished artists, and many from the celebrated belles in the country, so that now the ORIENTAL CREAM has become an invaluable and, in fact, indispensable article to every lady's toilet. And, for that matter, *no gentleman's toilet should be without it*; for why should not a gentleman have a clear, pure, pellucid complexion as well as a lady, especially as all the ladies will adore him for it. Now, if hereafter any lady or gentleman submits to be defaced by pimples, tan, freckles, etc., it must be attributed to ignorance of the magical effects, in all such cases, of DR. GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM. In presenting the world the ORIENTAL CREAM, DR. GOURAUD feels that he has done something toward carrying out the great and beneficial scheme of Nature. DR. GOURAUD'S depot is at 48 Bond street, New York, where hosts of fashionable ladies congregate and discuss the wonders of his ORIENTAL CREAM.

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PHILADELPHIA
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Saturday Evening, Sept. 23, 1876

NOTICE TO EXCHANGES.

Each number of the Saturday Evening Post *is duly copyrighted, but all are welcome to freely republish any articles in its columns, provided that due credit be given to this paper.*

LOOK OUT FOR A CLUB.

This is not a threat or a warning, but an energetic form of invitation to every reader of the Post to show his appreciation of the paper by asking his neighbors to join him in making up a club for it.

Hundreds of letters from every part of the country assure us that the paper shows great improvement and is well worthy of a place in every family in the land. We are not yet, and do not expect to be fully satisfied with it. Our aim is always to improve.

To raise a club of ten to twenty in a neighborhood will generally not be a difficult task to a person who will interest himself in the work, especially if he is himself a subscriber. Speak of the pleasure you derive from its columns week after week, and the moderate cost of a whole year's entertainment. It can be recommended as a safe paper. It is not intended to admit a single line which a mother would hesitate to read to her children, and no better antidote can be found to the trash which circulates broadcast, which the youth will read if its place is not supplied by something better and something which they will relish.

By raising a club your own subscription will cost less, and by adding to the number of subscribers you enable the publishers to make greater outlay for the benefit of the paper.

Such a paper as the Post at $1.25 per year, which is the rate for clubs of twenty and over, is cheap enough, and could not be afforded but in large editions.

If twenty cannot be had, try for ten, or five, and, at any rate, see if at least one more cannot be added by your help. We will gladly furnish specimen copies to those who desire to use them for canvassing.

Now then, all together, and let us place the Post where it belongs—first in circulation as it is first in merit.

WHO IS TO BLAME?

Guilty! Murder in the first degree! Guilty! Midst a stillness like that of death, the twelve men file in and pronounce that word. A boy; only seventeen. Like a knell, that word strikes his ear. The head so erect, so almost defiant all through the trial, falls upon his breast, a convulsive shudder thrills his body, his hands are clenched, and tears course down his cheeks.

And what a lesson in this trial of the boy, charged and convicted of murder; peculiarly a lesson for parents who, under one plea and another, are allowing their children to drift with the tide of the streets. No restraining influence is exerted to check a career that must be forever downwards.

We stand ready to condemn this boy. This is just, perhaps; but may we not pity while we condemn? We blame street children for the improprieties of manner, dress, and language. Poverty is such a crime. Try it, you who live in gilded parlors, 'mid refined associations, and see if it would not harden your hearts to the higher impulses of nature.

This boy, on whom the word "Guilty" has fallen, with the weight that crushes out his young life, was an "Arab," a street waif, from his earliest years, always drifting with the vulgar tide of the street; never once in all his life taken by the hand, and led away to where better things were known. Sometimes in his boyhood, perhaps, he crouched beneath the church window, and listened to happy children singing in the Sabbath school, heard the deep pealing organ tones, or the preacher's voice, but no one came out to ask him to a nearer experience with the better life, and so he drifted on and on, always down until his heart became wedded to criminal emotion, and if ever the sweet, tender melody of a nobler existence came to him, no response was ever echoed in his soul.

His home was one of poverty, made tenfold worse by the presence of the demon drink. His mother died while he was a mere child, and his father pushed him away—out into the bitter misery of debauched pauperism. A brief span, a few struggles, here and there interlarded with spasms of a bad nature; a temper never whipped into control, and now he lies like a ship stranded on the shore. Dull, slow, plodding, his life was never definite—always without plan, merely lapsing out its energies in a hap-hazard monotony; a stupid parasite, living on the sullen satisfaction that by and by annihilation would overtake him, and he would be allowed to drop out of the world into an oblivious night, unobserved by man or the Creator; never taught a day in school, never hearing the cheering words of life—knowing only its hard lines. Physical muscle there was enough, but of a mere bull-dog character in the absence of any balancing mental capacity. Having tramped through life with empty heart and idle brain, is it any wonder that he knew nothing beyond the gratification of his natural appetite; any wonder that he should be to-day, with the shadow of the hangman's noose falling before his gaze?

Let those who have children answer where are they to-night? Can you tell? Gather them in to-night, and make home attractive to them, and teach them good, ere the days come when your hearts will break at their ending.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

Many men seeking wealth or distinction fail to appreciate the importance of woman's influence as an element of success.

We do not refer to her influence in the field or the forum, or at the ballot-box. We read of the masculine daring and stern stoicism of the Spartan mothers; we wonder at their heroic intrepidity; we admire their contempt of danger; we possibly applaud the patriotic resolution, with which their sons were sent forth to prove themselves worthy of their shields, but we fail to discern among these attributes anything that awakens honest sympathy or candid approbation. In the forum we see nothing allied to the life or aims or nobility of the sex. The deep-toned eloquence that stirs a nation's soul must fall from other lips than hers. But in the wide domain of literature and art, and chiefly in the domestic life, is her true mission evident.

It is the domestic influence of woman that casts a shadow, or flings a sunbeam athwart the pathway of life; it is that influence that imbues the mind with lofty and ennobling aspirations, and gives the heart a place in the home of truth and honor. It is at home that a woman must be seen by those, who would truly estimate her character or her worth. There the purest thoughts, the sweetest associations and the fondest hopes of life are born of her very presence. There the place is marked towards which man's course will verge, and, would he steer clear of the hidden shoals, where rest the wrecks of sanguine, but misguided, worth, he must ever cherish, as something sacred, the influence of his mother, wife or sisters at home.

The sweetest thing in bonnets is a lasses' head.

Expensive clothes-pin:—Tiffany's diamond brooch.

A Texas man calls eating-house sausages "dog-gone hash."

Sitting Bull is thoroughly cowed; he has six or seven squaws.

The great point with a New England man is the interrogation point.

There isn't anything as hot as a baked sweet potato, except the warlike end of a hornet.

A Yankee wants to buy the crack in the old Liberty bell and retail it out in breast-pin holes.

"Now it looks like home," said a Boston man who was making tipsy curves in the streets of Philadelphia.

This is the season when editors write about the magnificent strides of human progress, and wear pantaloons with half-soles on the adverse end of 'em.

Staggering Facts.—A man who drinks crooked whiskey is pretty sure to follow his bent. If he takes it straight and stiff, it will straighten and stiffen him to a dead certainty.

"Is your master in?" asked a rent-collector of a sable servant on Arch street.

"I dunno," was the reply; "dere's days when he's in, but ain't here, and den again dere's days when he's here, but ain't in."

In quoting the familiar text about the beam and the mote in the eye, a friend of ours got things mixed, but worked his way out in this wise: "Some people can see a beam in other people's eyes, when their own eyes are—are—are all plugged up!"

The following advertisement has been sent to us:

WANTED.—Any one as wants a likely widow with thirteen children born and all of 'em orphans but the oldest which is dead and can wash babies without them cryin and can tell the time o' day nights, please inquire within. He must be young particular. No old one horse flip flops needn't apply ——.

The amount of information carried off from the Centennial on Massachusetts day, September 14th, would have bankrupted any ordinary show, and left it without an idea. Exhibitors say a New Englander can pump out facts faster and take in more of them than any other man. The supply here, however, is inexhaustible, and patent agents can manufacture any quantity at shortest notice.

"That Scratch; well, I'll tell you about it. You see, my wife she wanted something for her hair, and when I went to the druggist's, I thought I'd kill two birds with one stone, so I bought some soda water with a wink to it, and some rat exterminator and a bottle of hair polish. Things somehow got mixed, and when I handed out the rat exterminator my wife she thought I was playing a practical pun on her, and she punned back again and said she'd wig-wag me, and I wear a scratch on my nose, instead of my head."

YOUTH AND AGE.

BY MAYDEW.

Laughing Youth, with roses fair,
Clustering in his shining hair,
Passes Age, with staff in hand,
Toiling through Time's slippery sand.

"Ah!" cries Youth, with flashing eye,
"See the lovely blooms that lie
All along the path I tread;
Yours, Old Age, have long been dead."

Spake the other, pointing high;
"I have flowers that never die,
Blooming 'neath the Eternal Eye,
In a home beyond the sky."

Pouted Youth: "My roses bring
Sweet perfumes of early Spring;
Every hour, with flying feet,
Finds me fragrance new and sweet."

Old Age answered: "From my flowers,
Gathered through Time's toilsome hours,
Steals a perfume, on the wing
Of angels borne to Heaven's King."

Sighed fair Youth, with eyes a-shine:
"Love, sweet love, will soon be mine;
You, Old Age, no more can know
Love's impassioned rapturous glow."

Answered Age, with kindling eye:
"In my house beyond the sky
Dwells a love so great, so high,
Stooping down so low, so nigh,
I can hear its pitying sigh;
Love so wond'rous, full and bright,
That it fills all Heaven with light;
Love eternal, love divine,
Such, Oh, Truth, such love is mine!"

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Among the many rich and varied exhibits that fill the Main Building, one can find none possessing a higher claim to artistic effort, both in the arrangement of and contrasting of colors, than that of

FRANCE.

That refined quality known as "good taste" has always been a leading characteristic of this gay and cultivated nation, and fails not to evidence itself, wherever may be seen the imprint of her fingers.

At the Exhibition, France is well-represented. Her exhibit being full and complete in every graceful detail.

We should first indulge the fondness for art in its higher sense by paying a visit to the Art Gallery, and giving a notice of the statuary and paintings exhibited in the French section of that building.

In the central gallery east, on the north side, we find many interesting paintings. "Helena at the Fountain," by Mingnan of Paris; "Ruth and Boaz," by Benonville, and "The Empress Josephine and Family," by Viger, being the most pleasing of that collection.

It is in Gallery E, of Memorial Hall, that the finest paintings of the French exhibit are to be seen. There are also rich specimens of the celebrated

GOBELIN TAPESTRY,

to seen. This work it seems incredible to believe, when one sees it and marks the exquisite evenness, the fine shading, the clearly-marked design, is all done by hand. Think of the time, the wonderful patience and skill required, the sore tax upon the eyesight of blending the shades, the confusion of vision that must arise from such a heap of rainbow tints flashing before the eyes.

The most beautiful specimen exhibited is a life-size figure of a Grecian woman sitting at her embroidery. The piece of work has fallen upon her lap, and her large dark eyes have a dreamy, far-away look that accords well with their long, pensive shape. The deep blue of the summer heaven forms a fitting background; while the tender tints of the buds and blossoms clustering near, are as exquisitely rendered as though with a pencil and brush.

Among the paintings, the large canvas upon which is depicted the "Death of Julius Cæsar," by Clement of Paris, attracts much attention. The expression of the faces, although intensified, and, as in the case of that of Cassius, somewhat exaggerated, is remarkably well, and most powerfully delineated. While the expression of remorse and horror upon Brutus' face, shrinking away, as he does, from his dying friend, agonized even then at the realization of his own treacherous deed, and with the tender reproach, the pathos and love of which has never been surpassed by words from mortal lips, ringing in his ears, is perfectly natural and true to life; the fiendish malignity of the look upon the visage of the "lean and hungry Cassius" seems rather to belong to that of a demon, than of a human being.

The attitude and expression of the dying hero, wrapping his mantle about him as he falls, grand and full of an unconquerable nobility and dignity, even in the awful darkness of that dark moment, is perfect. It is a picture before which one may stand for hours and yet find nothing to weary or satiate.

Not far away is a small picture, which for harmonious coloring and pleasing fancy, cannot be surpassed. It is called "The Satyr's Youth," or "School for Young Satyrs'" and is by Louis Prion. It represents a grown Satyr teaching his young son to dance, while he plays upon the pipes. Nearby, in careless grace, leans a little frisky daughter; her tiny goat-feet, covered with the silkiest and finest of hair, her round chubby face as sweet as a May blossom. As for the jolly old pater, he might be Pan himself, such cheerful smiles wreathe about his wide, good-humored mouth, such delight gleams in his bright eyes as he pipes away, "all in the merrie green wood."

The magnificent picture of "Rizpah Protecting the Bodies of her Sons, from the Birds of Prey," by Becker, is also in this gallery. We have before given an account in detail of this fine painting, which once seen must forever remain in one's memory, and haunt one with its sorrow and pathos, as the enduring type of a mother's deathless love.

"Venus Led by Cupid," painted by Fairie-Duffer, is a fine specimen of warm coloring and beauty of outline.

"Morning on the Lagoons of Venice," by Rosier, is a charming picture. The freshness of the new day, the rich coloring of the warm southern skies, the reflected tints upon the level, shimmering water, the picturesque adjuncts of native costume, architecture, etc., all combining to make up a harmonious whole.

IN STATUARY,

there is a beautiful figure of "Iphigenia Sacrificed," done by Girard. Two bronze figures—one entirely of bronze, called "The Young Vine-Grower," by Bartholdi, and the other of marble and bronze, entitled "An Arabian Woman." There are also nine beautiful vases, from the Sevres Porcelain Manufactory.

In Gallery L, a picture entitled "Rats in a Gothic Hall," by Chevrier, is well executed,—the lights and shades being particularly well brought out. This artist, we learn, is particularly celebrated for his wonderfully real pictures of rats and mice.

"The Beach of St. Brieg," by "Chagot," is a fine bit of coloring; the waves being particularly natural.

Among the statuary in this gallery, "A Young Shepherd" by De Vasselot, is worthy of especial mention.

In Gallery I, there is a fine painting by "Frou of Napoleon the First." Another of the same Emperor, with Gothe and Wieland—this last by Hillemacker. The difference of feature, outline and expression of the three great men are well brought out.

"Evening after the Battle," by Bellange, is saddening to look upon, to those who have "war memories" close garnered in their hearts, but in respect of detail it is a fine picture.

There are quite a number of fine Sevres vases, and some specimens of bronze and marble statuary in this gallery. One of the latter called "John Laughing," is excellent, as is also its companion piece "John Crying," both by Rasse.

In Annex Gallery, No. 32, there is a fine painting by Mrs. Chairial, of Paris, which all true hearts will appreciate; it is called "France in Mourning for Alsace and Lorraine."

"The Marshes of Long-Pre";" "The Little Brother," and "The Neighbor's Cat," are gems in their respective ways. "A Chase in the Sahara," done in bronze is very spirited and is well executed. "A Child and Cock," is a delightful bit of casting. The ludicrous expression of the child's face is comical to a degree. In the Annex, Gallery No. 37, there is a

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON,

considerably idealized, however. An artist, speaking with us the other day, of the numerous portraits and busts of the Great Leader, said according to "reliable authority based upon the earliest portraits of him, the common delineation of Washington's head was so idealized as to be scarcely a likeness any longer; that the unusual breadth and height of brow attributable to him was incorrect; his own being sloping and not very broad.

In Annex Galleries 34, 36 and 45, there are some charming water color pictures, and also engravings. In the former "The Great Fall at Chartreuse," "Pines in Provence," and "Valley in the Ardennes Mountains," particularly attract our fancy.

There are three fine etchings after Turner done by Brunet, and twelve etchings representing the interior of Victor Hugo's house, which are very excellent and full of interest.

In silver bronzes "The Flute Player." and "Spinning Girl of Megara," are very beautifully done.

In photography, France is well advanced and sends on some fine specimens.

IN PHOTOGRAPHIC BUILDING

the exhibits of Leibert, Wallery, Hutuiet and Gillott, and Vidal, the discoverer of the art of photo-chromy or photo-chromo prints, are deserving of a more extended notice than our space permits us to give.

Concerning this discovery of M. Vidal, too much praise cannot be accorded. The results are entirely satisfactory, and we can only trust the method may soon become generally known and applied.

IN MACHINERY HALL,

France is not behind other nations. Her manufactures of toilet soaps is illustrated practically and most fragrantly there. The method we have before described, so, not to repeat our statement and so run the risk of being deemed prolix and of a "wearisome sameness," we pass the interesting exhibit with this small allusion.

IN AGRICULTURAL HALL,

the manufacture of chocolate is illustrated and some of the most delicious specimens of Bon-bons, etc., made of that agreeable compound are displayed. Light wines and Cognac, together with liqueurs, etc., are to be seen.

There are two very fine

FRENCH RESTAURANTS

upon the grounds—the "Trois Freres," and the "Lafayette."

Concerning the fine stained glass windows on exhibition in a frame building near the Vienna Bakery, we have hitherto spoken. They are, we learn, designed for a large cathedral in New York city.

Come we now to the

MAIN BUILDING.

First we pause before the very large exhibit of Majolica ware, which here truly loses much of its hideousness and really assumes artistic shape and appearance.

The dishes are especially pleasing. A very large one purchased by the Pennsylvania Museum, represents a scene under the water, where fishes of many different kinds have congregated, shells, water weeds, etc., are most wonderfully delineated, and really one can pronounce this a ceramic picture.

Another dish has a large fish lying in the centre and made hollow, with a great open mouth, into which the real fish can be placed when cooked and ready to be served.

Grotesque figures, a fisherman, and a fish dame, that might be Madame Angot herself, stand holding upon their shoulders great, green baskets. These are for vases.

Quaint caskets, in an arabesque of different colors, strike the eye in glancing over the multiplicity of articles that crowd the stands.

Near by is a large Sevres vase with an Egyptian landscape covering its surface. The softness of tinting, the tone of the sky is imitable.

IN FAIENCE AND PATE TENDRE,

are many beautiful specimens. Among the former are some that appear to have a background done in India ink, standing out from which in clear relief are clusters of apple-blossoms and pale roses in the most exquisite tints imaginable.

Others, again, are in different shades of blue, deep blue, violet blue, with lighter blue or gray figures upon the deeply toned background.

Large figures of Saints, the Virgin, the Pope, and in many instances our Saviour, are shown, made of a composition which certainly is very beautiful and life-like.

THE "WATER ADMIRABILIS,"

who is represented sitting with a basket and sewing implements therein contained, at her side, an open book is lying on top of them, is very pretty. The face is so sweet and the attitude so perfectly natural and full of modest grace.

SAINT PHILOMENA

upon her death-bed, is also a beautiful figure. She is represented as lying down with a robe on of pale blue, thickly studded with stars. Three arrows are lying at her feet.

A very large altar of gilt bronze, having upon the summit a silver lamb, and angels upon the pinnacles of the tower, which forms its centre, is shown, and certainly is very finely executed.

THE MANGER SCENE

attracts many. It certainly is very excellent in detail. The rough cradle of straw, the lowly manger, the kneeling kings and wise men, the Divine child, the lovely mother, the wondering beasts, are all faithfully depicted.

In connection with such articles may be mentioned the varied assortment of church ornaments—rosaries, charms, etc., innumerable and of every material—gold silver, crystal, pearl, amber and tortoise-shell.

THE DISPLAY OF MINERALS,

though not so large is so charmingly arranged, so tastefully disposed, that one scarcely knows which to admire most, the surroundings or the neat bits of spar, agates and pyrites, crystals, etc., that lie in their dainty nests of soft, white cotton wool. Among these specimens are pieces of granite of rare beauty. One has a greenish ground with perfectly outlined circles described upon it in white; these enclose smaller circles of vivid green.

Another has greenish gray ground with strongly marked veins of garnet-color running through it.

Even in the display of isinglass, is the harmony of coloring carried out. The neat packages of golden-clear sheets are tied with dainty green red or blue ribbons, while the clear-red sheets are tied with green. These pretty packages look so temptingly like Jujube paste that they make one's lips wish to taste.

The various shades of the Aniline dyes are very artistically placed in the glass cases, each tint being heaped in a small pyramid in a stand and having a cover..

THE BOOT BLACKS

may feel their profession delicately complimented by the care given to the arrangement of the exhibit of French Blacking. Upon the boxes are many grotesque pictures, some representing a group of bears, frolicing about and polishing pairs of boots, etc.

Another case of Aniline dyes has by each tint a hank of raw silk, dyed to match the color, and also a handkerchief woven from the dyed silk.

The oil and water colors make up a most attractive case. The oval tablets with chromatic sections of color, are as pretty as a small collection of fairy rainbows.

A fine

STATUE IN BRONZE OF ST. PETER,

sitting in a chair of marble, and holding the traditional keys in his hand, is to be seen, and certainly is of a high order of design and execution.

Of course we expect beautiful fancies embodied in the dainty clocks of Ormolu, and Bronze, of Onyx, and Lapis Lazuli, that combine to form a glittering mass of brightness. One is of Verd Antique, and has a broken column of the same on the upper part of the clock, covered with ivory leaves, carved of the marble. A figure of Apollo, crowned with these leaves, stands beside the clock and pillar.

An Ormolu clock has three dial plates, arranged in the form of a trefoil leaf; the upper one being supported upon the back of a bird. This one has the hours, etc., upon it. The left hand plate below is a barometer; the right a thermometer,

A bronze figure holds a golden rod in one hand from which depends a crystal circle, edged with a golden rim. This is the pendulum, but strange to say, it oscillates *above* the dial plate.

Another clock has a case of clear plate glass, set in gold, enclosing a brilliantly tinted bird, of green, gold, blue and crimson. On winding the clock, or when the hours come around, this bird sings delightfully.

IN JEWELRY

the display of fine diamonds, although not equalling Tiffany's exhibit, is very rich. There are three pearls of different tints; a pink pearl, a black, or really a slate colored pearl, and the genuine pearl tint. The three form a lovely trio.

The imitation of Egyptian jewelry and ornaments is exceedingly well done. One sees the sacred Scarabeus in every size and tint. Some are of an olive green, with carbuncle or ruby eyes, and golden antennæ. Others are of many different kinds of stones, and almost resemble Mosaic work. Some are of dull, or clear crystal. A piece of jewelry is in the form of an Egyptian arch, below which is a Scarabeus, of dull crystal, with ruby eyes, a sphinx on each side.

A pair of antique candlesticks are of dull silver, in the form of a mummy, standing on end. Above are open lotos blooms which are the receptacles for the candles. Kneeling sphinxes are on each side of the base.

Groups of cattle in silver, forming centre pieces and Epergnes for the table, are shown in great variety. One of sheep, and another of cows with calves beside them, are remarkably fine. Even the unclean beast, the horror of the ancient jews, is a handsome animal when modeled in silver. How wondrous a change a coat of that desirable metal can effect!

IN SILKS,

from the cocoon and the twisted hanks of white and golden floss, newly unwound from the chrysalis of the busy worm, up to the heaviest and glossiest Lyons velvet, so long and justly famed for its richness and beauty, there is a full and very satisfactory exhibit.

The most charming evening silks are draped, and grouped, and placed so as to form a picture of themselves. The heavier brocades hang farther apart, and wear a look of inherent dignity, as if they were not fabrics to be fancifully disposed or lightly handled.

A dint of cardinal colored *faille* has its rich color subdued by flounces and overdress of the finest Chantilly lace. Shawls and flounces of this exquisitely fine lace hang about or gracefully deck some garment. The very poetry of lace may be found in these cases.

Nor among these articles of luxury are useful things forgotten. The finest table and house linen is to be seen. Dainty towels, with wrought borders, plain and in some color. Napkins with sheeny leaves of ivy or rose, standing out in fine relief upon a pale, or tinted ground, all are to be seen.

Among the silks is a

HEAD OF WASHINGTON,

woven in black and white, and having the effect of a photograph in India ink. There are some excellent chromos shown, though not to compare with the German chromos.

IMMENSE BON-BON BOXES

arrest our attention; one represents an urn or vase, and is formed of fluted blue and white satin. A bouquet of pink roses forms the cover. Imagine the joy of a school-girl at Christmas receiving such a box of charming French bon-bons.

A case of artificial flowers has the entire inner side of the case covered with a trellis work, over which is trained a vine of noisette roses, so perfectly true to nature that one can hardly believe they are not real. The thorns, the clusters of open and half open blooms, the buds large and small, the shaded leaves, all are complete. Flowers of all kinds fill the case.

The feminine heart is greatly delighted over the charming costumes displayed in some of the cases. One, a court dress of white satin, has the court train, made to fasten on at the shoulders, bordered with a heavy gold cord, and edged with a rich embroidery of roses and leaves, garlanded together with a golden cord. The front of the dress is covered with pleatings of tulle, and garlands of roses.

Many other costumes, hats, and wraps are to be seen. "Loves" of boots and gloves; stockings of a fairy-like fineness, and daintily embroidered. Pretty jewelry of painted porcelain and wood. What is it in the details of the toilette that one could wish for and not find here?

Nor may we pass by unnoted the handsome mirrors of French plate glass; the charming engravings exhibited by the famous house of Goupil; the dainty carriages of many kinds; the pianos and organs; all things useful and graceful; all pertaining to art and science, or the lesser mechanical arts, are well represented in this exhibit.

Of our national feeling to France, we need only name the

HONORED NAME OF LAFAYETTE

to thrill an answering chord in the heart of every true American.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICE.

In the United States Department there is an interesting manufacture of imitation Parian China exhibited. By combining a white spar, containing silicate, which is obtained in Maine, with kaolin, from Indiana, a paste is formed which is very pliable, and which the moulder forms into leaves, buds, etc., with an ordinary penknife, making crosses of these flowers, wreathes, etc. Afterwards they are burned, and become, during that process, very brittle, almost resembling Parian China.

In the Russian exhibit may be seen ladies' shoes made of cloth of gold, with very high bronze heels.

In this same department the chairs and sofas of deer horns or antlers, upholstered in dark-green velvet, are odd and handsome.

In the East Indian section may be seen fine muslin cloths, covered with the shining green wings of the beetle, which is also used for jewelry. The effect is very beautiful, but we fear the belle who shone in a dress made of that fabric, would be obliged to content herself with standing, as a general crush would ensue did she essay a position of graceful repose.

There is a remarkably

FULL DISPLAY OF SOAP

in all the buildings. No possible excuse now for the great unwashed.

The automatic toys exhibited by a Philadelphia firm prove an unending source of delight to the little folks. These toys are wound up with a clock key, having a spring of finely coiled steel within, and run around afterwards in a most natural manner.

The Turkish carpets are especially elegant. The tints are not very bright, but the filling is so long and silky, the texture so enduring, they spoil one's taste for any other kind.

The American exhibit of watches is said to be superior to that of any other nation.

The two tapestry portraits in the Belgium department are finer than many oil paintings.

The stock exhibit is a very fine one, and the collection of dogs, particularly such as are rare, either in size, or else difficult to obtain, was of an unusually full size.

The crowd of visitors daily increases, and the expressed wish of many has been that, if a possible thing, the closing day might be deferred to December instead of November.

SCIENTIFIC PAPER. No. II.

BY PROFESSOR S. E. POST.

THE BEGINNING OF THINGS.

The longest journey a man ever undertook, except the one he is now engaged in, which is going forward to the end of things, is to go back to the beginning of things.

This journey would be too long to finish in this paper.

If a man should mount a ball just as it leaves the muzzle of the big Krupp cannon, and travel on it several thousand million years, he would just reach the starting point from which to leave for one of the fixed stars. He might find there a light-winged messenger just arrived in breathless haste to announce that the star had been fitted up several million billion years before, and was ready to receive visitors.

Things must have begun a long time ago, otherwise how could they have got as far as they have, especially when some of them move so slowly. Why, it has taken at least six thousand years to begin to find out what kind of clothes to wear, and the question will not be settled in six thousand years more, although first-class people are continually experimenting regardless of pains and expense. This question has lately been reduced to very narrow limits by the ladies, but how long trains shall continue, is a vexed question, and will be to those who come after the wearers of them, as every step in advance is attended with serious difficulties.

It is not much use to try and fix the beginning of things in years. The almanac of eternity or next thing to it, has not been fully calculated; therefore we pass on to the present beginning of things, which are going on under our observation.

Philosophically speaking, the beginning of a thing is the result of uneasiness. If everybody and everything were just suited and easy under their present condition, there would be no reason for beginning anything new. But uneasiness is one of the first principles of existence, and it keeps everybody and everything on the move.

If anybody doubts this he will become a firm believer after holding a baby half an hour. A baby is a little bundle of beginnings; and he is so full of uneasiness that it runs over and makes everybody around it uneasy, which proves our philosophical statement, that beginnings are a result of uneasiness, for we find the most uneasiness where there are the most beginnings.

This first principle runs through all nature. Notice the uneasiness of the clouds before it begins to rain. See how restless the ocean is which sends forth the beginning of the clouds.

Spring, when everything begins anew, is all astir with unsatisfied seekings for change. The insects which have lain dormant are no longer content in their little beds. You can almost hear the rustle of the unquiet flowers longing to come forth and show themselves in the sunshine. The world itself has its uneasy times; then look out for earthquakes, volcanoes, submergences, floods and beginnings of a new order of things generally. Every time she begins, she seems to do it better than before. Her animals, plants and other creatures of the latest patterns are all improvements, and nobody can tell what glory will crown her next essay. She has been quiet now so long, it is well to be on the lookout for the good time coming.

There are the most beginnings where there is the most uneasiness. That is what ails many people, chronic uneasiness and never-ending beginnings. Their life is a ringe of loose threads, never wrought together into completeness. Even this may be better than everlasting settledness, which lets life go by and never mingles in its current, like muddy deposit on the river's bank.

There's practical comfort in this philosophy, for when the thorns and nettles of life have aroused every long suffering nerve past endurance, what is it but a token that it is only a symptom of the grandest beginning yet made, where we shall find all things new, and be able, with more cheerful life, to go forward to some great end.

Moral Beauty.—What is the beauty of nature but a beauty clothed with moral associations? What is the highest beauty of literature, poetry, fiction, and the fine arts, but a moral beauty which genius has bodied forth for the admiration of the world? And what are those qualities of the human character which are treasured up in the memory and heart of nations—the objects of universal reverence and exultation, the themes of celebration, of eloquence, and the festal of song, the enshrined idols of human admiration and love? Are they not patriotism, heroism, philanthropy, disinterestedness, magnanimity, martyrdom?

NEWS NOTES.

Ex-Gov. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, died on the 12th inst.

The yellow fever interments at Savannah reached 20 Monday, out of a total of 33.

The President has issued a proclamation declaring the ratification of the Hawaiian Treaty.

Servian prospects are brightening, and the Alexinatz strategy of the Turks has proved an entire failure.

The value of real and personal property of North Carolina, in 1875, gained over $12,500,000 on the value of 1874.

The sub-prefect of Port Mahon, Spain, is to be tried for alleged acts of religious intolerance towards Protestants.

A private telegram from Mexico says General Mejia, Minister of War, is "out," and is succeeded by Escobedo.

It is rumored that a new military department will be organized in the northwest with General Miles in command.

It is announced that the Prince of Wales has accepted the presidency of the English section of the Paris exhibition of 1878.

Mr. Moody has engaged George C. Stebbins, of Boston, to direct the chorus singing at his revival meetings in Chicago this fall and winter.

Roch, the headsman of France, has begun to train his son as his successor. The boy, who is only fifteen, assisted him at the recent execution of Gervais.

A boa-constrictor having seized a young man in its folds in Lyons, the victim's sister threw a pailful of water down the serpent's throat and saved her brother.

A London butcher was recently sentenced to imprisonment with hard labor for one month for cutting off a cat's tail, and the plea that he was drunk didn't mitigate justice at all.

The London *Times* says that the temper of Europe is swiftly undergoing a menacing change, and that more countries than Russia may easily pass beyond the control of statesmen.

Capt. Paul Boyton came to grief on his trip down the Danube from Vienna to Pesth. Near Presburg he struck against a mill, was wounded in the head and was obliged to give up the trip.

A detachment of 2700 Spanish troops has embarked from Spain to reinforce the Spanish army in Cuba. They will be followed by 4800 others before the end of this month.

A telegram from Port Royal says that port is perfectly healthy, and offers every facility for shipping cotton for vessels bound for Savannah, but prevented from entering there by the yellow fever.

William M. Tweed was supposed to be a kidnapper by the Spaniards, as the authorities had given copies of a caricature of him from an American weekly to the seaport authorities for the purpose of identification.

Since the beginning of the year, 1220 miles of railroad have been constructed in the United States. This is more than twice the mileage reported in 1875, and a third more than a corresponding portion of 1874.

An English gentleman, who has lately been through the Servian districts which are in the hands of the Turks, says that he failed to find a single case of outrage, notwithstanding the numerous reports to the contrary.

Alexander H. Stephens occupies the larger part of his time in preparing an article on American history for the forthcoming volume of "Johnson's Encyclopedia." If the article is as lengthy as his speeches it will occupy the greater part of the book.

Messrs. Yale and Bruce, of the American Rifle Team, have resigned to give place to Colonel Gildersleeve and Colonel Bodine, members of the old team, which shot in Ireland and this country, last year and year before, and which was victorious each time.

Twenty years ago, Indiana did not own a school-house, and now there are 10,000 school-buildings in the State, on which has been expended more than $10,000,000. There are 13,000 teachers in the State. Last year more than $3,000,000 were paid to teachers.

There has been another serious outbreak among the rice hands on the Combahee, South Carolina. The laborers who were at work have been attacked and severely beaten. Work is altogether stopped, and the rioters refuse to allow the rice already harvested to be shipped to market.

Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte devotes himself to the study of the various dialects of English spoken through the United Kingdom. He is now superintending the translation of portions of the English Bible into the various provincial dialects, and travels about Great Britain collecting information.

Texas has planted the true Egyptian rice, finds that it flourishes on prairie upland and yields ten times as much as any other variety; that the heads are larger and the grains heavier, darker and more easily obtained than the varieties now cultivated. The crop of American rice is steadily growing and will before long equal our own consumption.

Two cases of yellow fever have been reported to the Board of Health of New York, the first that of John Evans, a wealthy business man of Savannah, Ga., who died at a fashionable hotel on Broadway, the second that of a sailor, who was found sick at a sailor's boarding-house, No. 61 Market street. Evans came from Savannah to escape the scourge. Prominent physicians say there is no cause for alarm, as the season is too far advanced.

A Bismarck special says advices just received from Standing Rock Agency indicate considerable trouble ahead. A chief named John Gross was arrested for carrying supplies to a hostile camp, creating a strong feeling between the Indians and the military who made the arrest. The courier who brings this news reports that before he had crossed the river opposite Standing Rock he heard the long roll beat and the bugle sound, and saw soldiers and white men running toward the military headquarters.

The reports of the arrest of William M. Tweed in Spain are fully confirmed. The Tammany fugitive was traced to Cuba in July last, and would then have been secured and surrendered, as requested by the American Consul General, but that information of danger reached him and he took passage for Spain by a sailing vessel. Photograph likenesses of him were placed in the hands of Spanish authorities through the American Minister, and on the arrival of the vessel at Vigo, in Spain, she was boarded by the Spanish Governor, who became convinced of the identity of the fugitive, and at once took him into custody. The Spanish Government, through its Minister at Washington, had already volunteered to secure and surrender Tweed, should he appear on Spanish soil, and the legation at Madrid, having requested it, the prisoner will be sent back to Havana, and there delivered to American officers.

DISSATISFIED.

BY R. D. P.

I saw a maiden very fair,
With lustrous eyes and yellow hair,
And soft cheeks flushed with roses rare.

Her form was lithe and lightly round,
And gold and jewelled gems were wound
Her lovely neck and arms around.

"Health, and wealth, and wondrous art
Prodigally played their part.
And hung their treasures 'bout her heart.

"O, surely here is one," I cried,
Springing to the maiden's side,
"Whose heart is all a happy tide.

"Is it not so, my merry maid?"
A sad light in her soft eyes strayed,
A shadow on her face was laid.

"Happy?" she said, "Ah me—not I;
There's many a dark cloud in my sky,
And I oft weep, and know not why."

I turned in sorrow from her side:
"In all the wide, wide world," I cried,
"There is not one soul satisfied!"

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

Some few years ago I was a resident in Hong-Kong, and there became acquainted with the following circumstances. The story itself was related one winter's evening—for in China there is a winter—around a glowing fire that put one in mind of home. The conversation during dinner had turned upon dreams, and some very curious theories were advanced in support of the interpretation of them. Our number consisted of eight persons; and after a protracted discussion, in which the number for and against there being any truth in dreams stood about equal, Captain Topham proposed to settle the question by telling us a story of what actually happened to himself a few years previously. The cloth was removed, and at the invitation of our host we each drew our chairs round the fire, lit our cigar or pipe; and after mixing for himself a glass of punch, the captain related the following tale as nearly as I can remember:

"It is now, gentlemen, some ten years ago since I was first-mate of the opium schooner *Wild Dayrell*. We were lying in Hong-Kong harbor at the time, preparatory to sailing the next morning for Formosa. Then—and, for the matter of that, now—there was a great deal of smuggling done in that beautiful island of the Chinese. Our cargo consisted of thirty thousand dollars in syce, one hundred and fifty chests of Patna, and two hundred chests of Malwah opium, besides a few sundries, which could be bought cheap enough in Hong-Kong or Shang-hæ, but upon which we turned a good round sum. Captain Wilkes—whom I think you all know, gentlemen—commanded her, and had made many a voyage, and run many a risk for his owners to the same place. At about four in the afternoon the captain left me to go on shore; but just as he was stepping into the boat, he cried out:

"Topham! Upon second thoughts, I shan't stay on shore to-night, as I intended. I am going to old Douglas's to dine; and as, in all probability, it will be a noisy party, I shall slip away early; so you can look for me about eleven."

"Very well, sir," I answered; and then turned to see that everything was all right for the morning.

"At six o'clock I and the second officer had tea; and after tea, he and I had quite a confidential chat about our voyage, the value of our cargo, and the immense risk that was run in not shipping Englishmen, in place of the mongrel crew we then had. Our crew consisted, by the way, of fourteen persons, including the captain. The captain, myself, second officer, and two sailors were Englishmen; a Lascar; two Manilla men, two Malays, and two Chinamen, as seamen, a Chinese cook, and Chinese steward—in all, fourteen souls. At about eight o'clock the second-officer had retired for the night, and had left me alone on the poop. I well remember how my thoughts then ran. I revolved in my mind the conversation I had had with Mr. Spencer, the second-officer, respecting the immense value of our cargo, and the risk that we ran, both from our own crew, should they turn traitors, and also from the hordes of pirates that continually infest the China seas, notwithstanding our gun-boats, and the havoc that they make of them whenever they come within range.

"Well, gentlemen, upon that evening my thoughts were especially turned upon home, and to a dear mother from whom I had received a letter by last mail, and who was then in a very delicate state of health. I had answered her letter only that morning.

"I must have been on the poop about three-quarters of an hour after Mr. Spencer had left me, and was thinking of returning to the cabin to look over some papers connected with the ship, when I observed a sampan, or Chinese boat, hovering round the stern. I called out to the men in the boat, and inquired what they wanted there; but their only answer, when they found they were observed, was to pull away from the ship in the direction of the middle of the harbor. Their movements I did not at all like, and leaning on the taffrail, I watched them until they were lost in the darkness. I suppose I must have remained in this position—that is, with my arms on the taffrail—about ten minutes, when, without warning, I felt myself lifted off my legs, and some one endeavoring to throw me overboard. I am by no means a light weight, gentlemen, as you can see, weighing, I should say, then sixteen stone; but the person evidently depended upon the suddenness of the attack to accomplish his purpose. I struggled violently, holding on by my hands to the rail, and letting fly right and left with my feet; and in the end I was successful. The Chinaman tripped, and lay upon the deck in my power. Without a thought, without a moment's hesitation, I laid hold of him by the trousers with one hand, and took a couple of turns of his pig-tail by the other, and threw him overboard. After I had accomplished this, I made for the cuddy. Arrived there, I at once went to Mr. Spencer's cabin; but upon trying the door, found it locked! I gave one or two kicks, at the same time calling out to him to open the door. He sprang from his birth, and called out in reply that it was locked from the inside. I told him to stand clear, and with a good one, two, three, from the shoulder, I burst the door in. There is no doubt I must have looked very pale and very excited, as his first question to me was:

"Why, Mr. Topham, what in the name of goodness is the matter? You look as pale as death."

"I told him all that had happened, and likewise my suspicions that we had not seen the end of the affair, and that our best plan would be at once to arm ourselves. I told him to dress himself, whilst I went on deck to rouse our two English sailors, whom we could depend upon, and bring them aft to the cabin. I had planted one foot in the saloon, the other being still in Mr. Spencer's cabin, and had my eyes directed to the stairs of the companion, when, in the shade I thought I descried a Chinaman. Thinking that it might be the steward, I called to him by name "Ah Tong;" but no reply came; when I felt pretty certain that it was not the steward; in which belief I was not long left in doubt. I had turned my head into Mr. Spencer's cabin, to tell him of my suspicions, when I thought I heard steps stealthily approaching me. I gave a rapid glance; and there, not four feet from where I stood, were some five or six as villainous looking Chinamen as I had ever beheld, armed, some with bamboos about ten feet long, and others with swords. In an instant, I had sprung into the cabin, and closed and bolted the door. With a yell, the whole of the gang made a simultaneous rush towards the door; but they had missed their mark by a second. I had planted my back against the door, and thanks to my weight and the bolts, it resisted their combined efforts to force it. Other measures, however, I knew must be at once resorted to, and that instantly. Calling upon Mr. Spencer to move his chest of drawers against the door, and placing two trunks on the top of them, we patiently waited the coming events. Spencer very fortunately had a couple of Colt's revolvers in his chest of drawers, with which we armed ourselves. The gang outside were evidently in deep consultation as to their next mode of attack. One voice I heard raised above all the others, and that one voice was without a doubt Ah Tong, our much respected steward! From the little Chinese I was acquainted with, I gathered that they were bent upon the treasure, which had come on board from the Oriental Bank only that afternoon. It had been stowed away in the captain's cabin, and was safely lodged in one of Milner's fire and thief-proof safes.

"They proceeded to the captain's cabin; but in a very short time returned, and, knocking at the door with their bamboos, demanded it to be opened. At first they used threats, then entreaties, promising us that not a hair of our heads should be hurt. But, though we feared their threats, we had no faith in their promises, and fully determined that, if the worst came to the worst, we would sell our lives dearly. Oh, how we longed for eleven o'clock, for Captain Wilkes's return! How patiently and eagerly we listened for the splash of the oars of the six stalwart boatmen! We heard four bells from the different ships in the harbor, some not a couple of hundred yards away; but it was impossible to reach or signal them. Instead of a large port-hole, there was only the small dead-light, through which we could not manage even to thrust our heads, much less our bodies. Well, sirs, when they found that neither threats nor promises would avail them, they at once commenced their work. I was standing on a camp-stool, endeavoring to see what they were doing, by looking through the iron grating on the top of the door, when I saw one of them with a spear, at what, in military phraseology, would be termed "shorten arms"—that is, with the spear drawn back to the fullest extent, ready to thrust through the door. I gave one spring from the stool, and luckily indeed I did so; for the next moment the point of a spear grazed my cheek. Another inch to the left, and I would have been a dead man. We both then retired to the further end of the cabin, so as to keep out of harm's way. We knew that they dared not use firearms, for fear of attracting the attention of the ships in the neighborhood; and no doubt this was our salvation. Spear after spear was thrust through, some almost reaching us as we crouched down on the floor of the cabin, when all at once we heard a crash, and, on looking up, to our horror, saw that one of the panels of the door had been forced in sufficiently for a man to thrust his body through. We both immediately sprang upon our feet, grasping our revolvers more firmly, expecting that, in desperation, some of them would be hardy enough to try and force their way into the cabin. But they were far too cunning for that. Two of them now got upon chairs, but taking care to keep out of the line of fire of our revolvers, and by side-thrusts—by which they showed that they were adepts in the use of the weapon—compelled us to kneel and crouch behind the chest of drawers one moment, into the berths the next, and, at last, under the bottom of them, where we were for some time comparatively safe. But, emboldened by their success, they now faced the broken panelling; and we could plainly see that, in another minute or two, the matter would end by our both being speared like wild boars. I whispered to Spencer to fire at the first head that showed itself at the panelling, and I would do the same—he to take the man to the right, and I the left, so that we should not waste ammunition through both of us firing at the same person. I remember as if it happened only five minutes ago, two heads suddenly appearing and myself and Spencer in the act of presenting our revolvers at them, when, as a flash of lightning two spears were suddenly thrust through the aperture, and the next instant I felt a twinge in the right side."

Here the narrator paused for a few moments, and after a good stiff pull at his punch, continued:

"I remember no more until six weeks afterwards, when I was lying in bed in a strange room, very weak and very faint. There was my servant keeping me nice and cool with a large fan, whilst on my forehead was a cloth steeped in vinegar. By degrees, some slight recollection came back to my mind of the events that had happened on that fearful night; but when I interrogated my Chinese nurse, I could only obtain from him such replies as: "Me no sabbee; doctor berry angry me talkee that pigeon." By which he meant that he knew nothing about the matter; and that if he did, he was enjoined by the doctor to silence, otherwise he would be very angry with him. However, with a good constitution and careful attention, I was soon able to leave my room; and then, and not before, I gathered from my old friend, Charles Lawrence, one quiet afternoon, the following rather rambling account of the affair.

"'I have no occasion,' said Charley, 'to ask you to remember the 8th of March, for that you will to the end of your days; but I have also reason to remember it; for on that day, as I learned by a letter from home by the last mail, an only brother was killed on the Great Western Railway, in the collision that occurred near Reading. Well, if you remember that evening, we were to have a great spread at Douglas's. Thompson, Wilkinson, and some twenty others, were invited, including Captain Wilkes. Of course, you know what a jovial fellow Wilkes is, good for a story or song, and can take his part in an argument with the best of them. Everything went off very well during dinner; and after the cloth had been removed, and one or two songs had been given, the call was for Wilkes. He, however, who is usually so willing to oblige, made some excuse about hoarseness, which, however, was so palpably fictitious, that we all burst out laughing; and upon being pressed again by some of us, including old Douglas, he positively refused, and intimated his intention of going on board at once. We could see that something had occurred to irritate him, but for the life of us none of us could guess. Before leaving the room, however, Douglas called him to one side, and asked him the cause of his going away so early. He replied that he was uneasy in his mind; that a depression of spirits such as he had never felt before, had come over him within the last half-hour, but for which he could not account; and asked Douglas kindly not to detain him, as he wanted to go on board to see that everything was all right; and if he felt better, they might expect to see him in the course of an hour or so. And in an hour's time he did return, not to join our party, but to horrify us with the details of what had occurred on board the *Wild Dayrell*. Dr. Anderson, who was one of our party, went on board immediately, to attend to you; and Captain Wilkes and two or three of us proceeded to the police station to report the matter. The police took the matter up vigorously; and thanks to a large reward offered by the owners, one of the gang turned Queen's evidence; and in the course of three or four days the whole gang was safely lodged in the Victoria jail. They were brought up before the magistrate, and remanded until you are able to appear against them.'

"'But' I asked: 'What time did Captain Wilkes arrive on board the *Wild Dayrell*; it was some time after ten o'clock—of that I am sure.'

"'Yes,'" he replied; "'I believe it was just half-past ten when he pulled alongside, for five bells were struck from all the other ships lying alongside of him, *but not from his own*, which at the time he noticed as very singular. As he approached the ship he saw two boats coming from the direction of her, but at the time he took no notice of them; but there is no doubt, he thinks, that these very boats contained the gang.'

"'But did they succeed in obtaining any of the treasury?' I again asked."

"'No; not a cent of it, thanks to Chubb. They had tried to pick the lock; and when they found that they could not succeed in that, they tried gunpowder, but with the same result. The two English seamen were found tied in their bunks, and quite drunk. They acknowledged that the steward had given them three bottles of brandy early in the evening, as a present; and they made good use of it, for they were half-drunk the next morning. The rest of the crew were too much afraid of their own necks to offer any resistance or give the alarm. The *Wild Dayrell* sailed a couple of days afterwards, but with a fresh crew.' And so ended Charley's account."

"About a week after this conversation," continued the narrator, "I appeared at the police court, and swore to every one of the gang, eight in number. They were sent for trial to the High Court, and were all found guilty of mutiny and conspiracy; and sentenced, four of them to penal servitude for life, two for fourteen years, and the remaining two for seven years each.

"Amongst my letters from home I was not long in noticing one in the handwriting of my mother; this, singular though it may appear, I kept until the last, and toyed and played with it for a minute or two before I opened it. In that letter, gentleman, occurs the following passage: 'What were you doing, dear John, on the night of the 8th of March, at about ten o'clock, from that to half-past? I will tell you my reasons for asking. I had been very poorly during the whole of the day; so much so, that after a cup of tea, about six o'clock, I retired for the night. I fell asleep very soon, but it was a disturbed sleep, and I awoke two or three times. At about eight o'clock Jane brought me a cup of cocoa, and very soon afterwards I again fell asleep, and did not wake until about half-past ten, when I awoke with a fright. I dreamed that I had seen you walking along some strange street, and following you were three or four Chinamen. All at once they rushed towards you, at which you ran, but they ran faster than you did, and were rapidly gaining on you, when you at once made for the river, which was some hundred yards distant. You had gone about half way when you slipped, and fell down; immediately the Chinamen were upon you, and one I saw with a long knife ready to strike you; but with that I awoke with a scream.'"

"Now, gentlemen, I wish to draw your attention to the fact, that the 8th of March, as mentioned in my mother's letter, was the same day that the *Wild Dayrell* affair happened, and also that the time from ten o'clock to half-past was the exact time that we were placed in the most imminent peril by the smashing in of the door-panel. You can call it what you like—a singular coincidence, or anything else you please; but the fact remains that, while on the very day and hour I was placed in great danger of my life, my mother, fourteen thousand miles away, in dear Old England, had a dream in which I figured conspicuously; and although the incidents of the dream did not exactly tally with the actual facts of the case, yet they were so near the truth, that I think you will bear me out, gentlemen, when I state that it was a most extraordinary and remarkable dream."

KNAVES AND FOOLS.

If men and women were amenable to the laws by which schools are governed, how many thousands of us would have to do penance in fools' caps every day! Dunces more inveterate and hopeless than the veriest thickheads you can pick out of the child-world, are as plentiful as blackberries among "children of a larger growth." Wholesome discipline and good advice do sometimes brighten the wits and improve the judgments of unpromising boys and girls; but neither the scourge of bitter experience, nor the tutelage of the wise and good, seems to produce any reformatory effect upon the majority of adult blunderers. Your burnt child avoids the fire; but your singed man is as apt to rush back into the flames as a moth or a beetle.

The gaol does not teach the thief that honesty is the best policy; no reverse reclaims the reckless gambler; the drunkard, whom dissipation has reduced to his last coat, pawns it to procure more liquor; plucked pigeons of the Stock Exchange only wait to renew their feathers to return and be stripped again; publishers of papers that the public do not want, and will not read, sink fortune after fortune in vain efforts to revolutionize the taste of the million; visionaries with patent schemes for remodelling the social system on principles at war with the laws of nature, sophisticate to the bitter end, in spite of the derision of the community; inventors whose brains have brought forth nothing but failure, cling to their fallacies in the face of demonstration, and go on producing new abortions; politicians who have been hissed down a thousand times, continue to talk, after they have become too contemptible to be hooted.

Such insane obstinacy, such perseverance in fatuity, such flagitious disregard of the teachings of experience, are not to be found among the urchins who frequent our public schools. The greatest blockhead, the worst scapegrace among the little folk, pays some attention to the lessons and admonitions he is continually receiving; but fools and knaves who have arrived at "years of discretion," are, for the most part, incorrigible.

Let the honest and sensible portion of mankind comfort itself with the reflection that all worthless things find, at last, their proper level. If we cannot always "shoot folly as it flies," let us remember that its wings are of wax, and that sooner or later it must share the fate of Icarus; and that knavery, though it may flourish for a season, rarely outlives

"The vigil long
Of those who treasure up a wrong."

MARRYING A FORTUNE.

BY JANE WEAVER.

"So Ellen Hazlehurst is to marry Squire Newton's son?"

"Yes!"

"And to do it she has jilted George Brown?"

"It is too true."

"Young Newton's fortune, I suppose, is the reason."

"So they say."

"Well, I hope she may be happy."

"Does she deserve it?"

The speakers were two ladies; and the latter who was the elder, looked up from her knitting and spoke.

"George Brown is an excellent young man, and though poor, is certain to succeed in his profession at last," was the evasive response. "But then, however prosperous he may be, he'll hardly become as rich as the Newtons. In point of fortune Ellen couldn't do better."

"Fortune is not everything. Even if the suitors came before her now for the first time; even if she was not already pledged to George, I should consider her preference of young Newton a great error."

"You don't say so!"

"I do. Young Newton has been brought up to no profession, is extravagant in his habits, is not of the strictest principles, and has no great qualities, either of mind or heart, to render a wife happy. George, on the contrary, is loved by all who know him. Happy, indeed, will be the woman who becomes his."

"Well, Mrs. Jones, you may be right. But I've seen so much of poverty, that I can't blame Ellen. Many the hard word I've known to pass between husband and wife, which would never have been said if the husband hadn't been worried for the want of money."

"Such persons, I fear," replied Mrs. Jones, "would have been querulous, even if surrounded with wealth. No station in life is exempt from annoyances and even serious troubles. Things happen even to rich people, to try their tempers. Where there is real affection, and common sense to back it, the married have little to fear. But without love, or without forbearance, the wealth of the Indies cannot secure happiness."

"You think that young Newton will not make Ellen happy?"

"I know he will not. Ellen has a score of excellent qualities, but little patience. She is very sensitive, and he is coarse at heart. Her vanity has led her to sacrifice one eminently fitted for her, and who would have studied her every wish; and soon she will find herself, as a great author has said, a living body tied to a foul corpse. Heaven help her!"

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of another visitor; nor did the two ladies meet again, until Ellen had consummated her treachery by marrying young Newton. But one day Mrs. Powell called on Mrs. Jones, and the late nuptials came up for discussion.

"They say George is almost crazy," was the remark of the visitor. "He and Ellen had been engaged for two years."

"It's a great blow. But he will get over it. What will assist him is the conviction that he has been worshipping an ideal: for Ellen, if she had been what he thought her, would never have broken her engagement."

"She looks unhappy already. I met her the other night, at Mrs. Warren's; and I thought, more than once, that she actually shuddered when her husband drew near; and no wonder, for he looks like a brute alongside of her. I believe you were right in what you said when we last talked of Ellen."

"Her husband was carried home, within a week of their marriage, intoxicated. Some of his bachelor friends, who had come up to the wedding, stayed for a dinner he gave to them at the hotel; and such behavior, it is said, was never seen in the town before. Poor Ellen!"

The forebodings of Mrs. Jones were even more completely fulfilled with the lapse of years. Young Newton went from bad to worse—became a sot and gambler—and finally, after dissipating his entire fortune, perished miserably on the highway, during a snowstorm, and was found the next day dead in a drift with an empty bottle at his side. But before this Ellen had broken her heart. Her children, two in number, would have had to go to the workhouse, had not George Brown, now eminent in his profession as a barrister, stepped forward and adopted them.

For he never married. Some men recover easily from disappointments of the heart; but there are others who never do. The idol, once shattered, no fresh one can win worship. George Brown belonged to this class. He and a maiden sister lived together; and they became, after Ellen's death, parents to the orphan children.

It is not always, reader, that marrying merely for fortune ends in a tragedy so deep. But it never leads to happiness. Where it does not break the heart, it degrades the character; so that the wife, who might have been a blessing to herself and others, becomes of "the earth, earthly"—utterly fails of her mission in life—and dies at last, having achieved no more than if she had been of "the brutes that perish."

THE ANGEL OF TIME.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

The Angel of Time, being commissioned by the Supreme Governor of the world, made proclamation that he had a hundred thousand years of additional life to bestow on the inhabitants of the earth. His trumpet echoed far and wide, reaching the uttermost extremes of the universe. The people flocked eagerly from all points of the compass to prefer their claims to a portion of the beneficent gift; but it was surprising to see that the crowd consisted of the aged alone. The children were enjoying their youthful sports, and paid no attention to the proclamation; the youths and maidens were wandering in the labyrinths of love; and the men and women of a middle age were too much engaged in the pursuits of life to think about death.

The first who preferred his petition for a few additional years was an old man of fourscore and upwards.

"Thou doubtless wishest to live a little longer for the sake of thy children, and the companions of thy youth?" said the angel.

"Alas!" cried the old man, "they are all dead!"

"Thou art in possession of wealth and honors?"

"Alas, no! I have lost my good name, and am miserably poor. Yet I wish to live till I am a hundred, and enjoy life yet a little longer."

The angel bestowed upon him the privilege asked, and he went on his way, rejoicing and trembling.

The next applicant for lengthened years was a feeble old man, who was carried in a litter. When he preferred his request, the angel replied, "I understand. Thou art enamored of the beauties of earth, the waters, and the skies, and wishest to behold them yet a few years more?"

"I am blind these ten years," said the old man.

"Thou art delighted with the music of the birds, the murmuring of the waters, and all the harmonies of the universe, and wishest to hear them a little longer?"

"I am deaf, and scarcely hear the sound of thy trumpet."

"Thou art fond of the delicacies of food?"

"Alas! my feeble health will not permit of such indulgences. I have lived on milk and crusts of bread these seven years past. I am a poor, sickly old man!"

"And still thou wishest to lengthen out thy miseries. What pleasure dost thou enjoy in this life?"

"The pleasure of living," said the old man; and the angel granted him a few years more.

The third who approached the footstool of the angel was a decrepit female. Her teeth were gone—her eyes buried deep in their dark blue sockets—her cheek hollow and fleshless—and she could hardly prefer her request, for an incessant cough, which drowned her voice, and almost choked her.

"I am come," said she, "to beg a score of years, that I may enjoy the pleasure of seeing the cypress trees I have planted over the graves of my husband, my children, my grandchildren, and the rest of my dear relatives, spring up and flourish before I die. I am bereft of all that were near and dear to me; I stand alone in the world, with no one to speak for me. I beseech thee, oh, to grant my request!"

"Though I grant thee lengthened days, I cannot remove thy infirmities and sufferings. They will increase upon thee," answered the angel.

"I care not, since I shall know they cannot kill me before my time."

"Take thy wish," said the angel, smiling. "Go and be happy."

"Strange!" cried a learned man, who had come to petition for a few years to complete a scientific work, and had witnessed the scene—"strange," cried he, curling his lip in scorn, "that the most helpless and miserable of human beings should still covet a life divested of all its enjoyments!"

"Silence!" exclaimed the angel, in a voice of ineffable contempt. "It rather becomes thee, ignorant mortal, to adore the goodness of Providence, which having ordained that men should live to be old, mercifully decreed at the same time that the love of life should supply the absence of all its sources of enjoyment. Go—take thy wish, and finish thy work of science."

A Happy Woman.—Here is something for the fair sex. A happy woman! is not she the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smile even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talent, or for style. The sweetest wives are those who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts.

LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

Miss Minnie Conway, a beautiful, lady is the wife of Cornet Levy.

The Jackly family, ten in number, now performing at San Francisco, receive $600 per week. They are gymnasts.

E. L. Davenport, now in his sixtieth year, married Miss Fannie Vining, who first appeared at the Broadway Theatre as *Desdemona*. Mr. Davenport has a large family.

Nearly one-third of the variety performers are song and dance men. Bobby Newcomb, a very uninteresting performer, tops the heap in the West, and $50 per week is his price.

The Hanlon brothers are conceded to have been the best gymnasts that ever appeared in this country. As high as $500 in gold per week was received by these nimble fellows.

"Hardanapalus," at Booth's Theatre, New York, grows more and more attractive, the more it is played. It is by no means a play to be missed. The acting of Mr. Barrett and Mrs. Booth is excellent.

The most amusing character in the "Two Men of Sandy Bar," at the Union Square Theatre, New York, is *Hop Sing*, the "heathen Chinee." He keeps the house in laughter, but sings too little and hops off too soon. Mr. Robson, as *Colonel Starbottle*, is as good as the character will allow him to be.

Musical artists are not many in number, neither do they command as good salaries as compared with other performers. Sanford and Wilson are worth from $75 to $100. Charlie Diamond, who does a musical act and song and dance at the same time, receives $50. Fields and Hoely command $75. The Jee brothers, grotesque musical "artists," receive from $100 to $125 per week.

Miss Kellogg, on being asked by a Philadelphia interviewer to what she attributed her success, replied: "Principally to a determination to succeed, and steady, laborious work. I have always aimed to study well the music of the role, and to dress in strict accordance with the character. I have endeavored to act conscientiously throughout. I always keep faith with the public. I might sum it up in a single sentence—my success is the result of conscientious devotion to my art."

Miss Emma Abbott has been paid a high compliment by M. Gounod. She sung for him while he played the accompaniment. When she had finished, Gounod rose from the table and took her by both hands. He said, "Miss Abbott, you have sung my song *better* than I ever heard it sung!" He took from a drawer an elegantly bound copy of "Faust." "My child," said he, "I want you to accept this from me." Seating himself at his table, he took a pen and wrote in the frontispiece:

TO MISS EMMA ABBOTT,
FROM CHARLES GOUNOD.

In token of Miss Abbott's singing for him, this day, the Jewel Song from "Faust," better than he has ever heard it sung.

CHARLES GOUNOD.

They tell this story of Ralph Waldo Emerson:

His best thoughts were apt to strike him after he had gone to bed. Once calmly resigned to rest, ready for dreams, sparkling notions began to flit through his brain. He knew if he did not catch them then they would vanish, never to return. So up he gets, strikes a light, and makes his nocturnal notes.

One night the philosopher had risen from his bed, and was groping around in the dark for a card of misplaced matches. His hand at length came in contact with his wife's elaborately carved tortoise-shell comb, which he mistook for a card of lucifers. One after another he snapped away the teeth, trying to light them on the wall, until not one was left. His loud and emphatic mutterings of disappointment aroused Mrs. Emerson.

"What on earth, husband, are you doing there in the dark?"

"Only a thought that I had in my mind, my love."

But the thought had fled, and, still in the dark, he went to bed.

Fifty years ago a dramatic poem was published in England by a young man, Charles Wells by name, entitled "Joseph and his Brethren." No one seems to have read it, the critics did not notice it; it was neither condemned directly, nor was it damned with faint praise. Not one reader of English literature in half a million has ever known of the existence of the book or its author. But now when the author is an old man, and expecting his near departure, he finds himself suddenly famous, as his long forgotten book is brought out from its dust and heraldal to another generation as one of the great poems of the age, to be ranked with the great poems of the world, and but little behind the work of Shakespeare. Mr. Algernon Swinburn, who writes the preface, says of it: "In the music of the diction, in the beauty of the sentiment, in the force of thought, in the wealth of the imagery the critics tell us that its equal is not easily to be found. In a little time every one will be reading it, and if the tired soul of the poet is still susceptible of joy he will take up the song of aged Simeon in the Temple, and praise the Lord that the long-delayed justice has come at last."

The Miseries Suffered by the victims of Fever and Ague, are permanently removed by Dr. D. Jayne's Ague Mixture, a sure cure for all Chills and attending Fevers. Sold everywhere.

ALSON F. BELCHER.
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Dining Rooms at 627 and 629 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

MY SHIP.

BY JULIA LEONARD.

Have you seen my ship on the broad, broad sea?
'Tis many a year since it sailed away,
And carried my lover far from me,
And my chestnut locks are mixed with gray.

It sailed from the harbor one bright Spring morn,
On the deck stood my love, with his bonny brown hair,
And his blue eyes soft as the light of the dawn,
And the black ribbon circling his throat so fair.

Ah! the true heart of my lover so bold!
'Twas to bring me a fortune he ploughed the sea;
Will they ever come back, those fond days of old,
And bring my own darling once more to me?

Some day she will come with her snowy sail
All flung to the breeze, and there he will stand,
As he stood when he left, for he will not fail,
And wave me a greeting with his dear hand.

And out from my ship will rise sweet perfume,
Like spices and odors of Indian Spring;
It will drive from my heart all sadness and gloom,
And back the bright days of our childhood bring.

And pearls none too fair for his bride, he said,
Before he went sailing over the sea;
And a gorgeous silk of bright crimson red,
To make my sweetheart fairer, said he.

I'd like the pearls and the crimson gown,
Since my darling would like me thus to deck,
But I'd give them both to lay my head down,
And weep out a welcome upon his neck.

For 'tis many a year since he sailed away,
And my heart grows impatient and full of dread;
And I feel like a hunted thing brought to bay
When the neighbors whisper he may be dead.

He dead!—who left me so full of life,
With a look in his face like the dawning skies?
And he said he would back again come for his wife,
And truth itself welled up in his eyes.

So I stand and watch till the sun sets low,
And the moonbeams flicker over the sea;
For I know I shall see my ship's sails flow,
And my own true love will come back to me.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 35. Back numbers can always be obtained.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"IT IS A BASILISK UNTO MINE EYE."

Tranquil and monotonous days hung like a cloud upon the little household of Combhollow. The daily round of labor—of eating and drinking in a spare and Spartan fashion—of praying and preaching, went on with pitiless regularity; but of household joys there were none, of family love but little. A gloomy change had come over Joshua Haggard. He was still the enthusiastic apostle of Primitive Methodism—a man ready to go out and preach the gospel in wild and barbarous places, to be the bearer of glad tidings to those who despised and rejected such messengers, to be hooted by a brutal rabble, if need were, and driven from village to village at peril of his life, and to escape from his persecutors by the skin of his teeth, as John Wesley did, more than once, in his long and difficult career. He was ready to endure all things. Day by day his discourses grew more fervid, but alas! more darkly fraught with a message which was not glad tidings—the message of an offended and an avenging God. Christ, the Saviour, was almost excluded from the preacher's exhortations. When he talked of man's Redeemer it was as of one who turned His face from a sinful world, in which there were very few to be saved. If he had lived in that awful time before the Deluge, when all the earth was peopled with reprobates, he could hardly have been more despairing of humanity's ultimate destiny.

His flock were in no wise offended by this gloomy view of their spiritual condition, although it implied so mean an opinion of their personal merits and conduct. The more vehemently threatening Joshua Haggard's sermons became, the more eagerly the sinners crowded to hear him. It was as if they liked to hear themselves upbraided and denounced. Perhaps everybody saw the barbed shaft fly straight to the gold of a neighbor's heart, and did not feel it rankling in his own. When Joshua talked of the frivolity and extravagance of an unregenerate race, Mrs. Pinter thought of Mrs. Mivers's last new bonnet, which was clearly a superfluous and culpable outlay; such bonnet not being due to Mrs. Miver's, from an economic point of view, until Advent Sunday, whereas the lady had flaunted it before the disapproving eyes of the flock early in October. If Joshua denounced sensuality and the vile indulgence of earthly desires, Mrs. Pentelow's thoughts flew at once to the Polwhele family, who were known to have hot suppers—squab pies, and other savory *meats*—every night in the week. You could see the grease oozing out of their complexions on warm Sunday afternoons, as if digestion as well as respiration were a function of the skin.

From the day when he gave up humanity for lost, and plainly told them so, Joshua's popularity increased in a marked degree. The darker his doctrine grew, the better his congregation liked to hear him. It was not milk for babes which they wanted, but strong meat for men of iron thews and sinews, and women with vigorous constitutions and masculine strength of mind. They liked to hear that the Devil was among them, at their shoulders, prompting them to evil, fighting for the mastery of their souls.

"I can see him, I can feel his presence," cried Joshua, in a passion of despairing ecstacy. "He is among us; his sulphurous breath burns me with a foretaste of eternal fire; his whisper hisses in my ear as the serpent's hiss stole in the ear of Eve. He will not loose his hold. He is fighting for the possession of my soul; he is striving to drag me down into the pit. What shall I do to be saved? How shall I win the fight against so omnipotent an adversary—omnipotent to destroy—omnipotent to enthral and enchain souls? He wants to people hell, my brethern. He is not content with his victory over willing sinners; the profligates and harlots are too pitiful a prey for him! He wants to have the virtuous man in his net. He would have liked to get John Wesley, or George Whitefield, or William Law. He tried for them as he is trying for us. He is a fallen angel himself, and it pleases him to entrap men of high estate—to take the Christian in his toils—to make the white scarlet, and the wool like unto blood."

Naomi heard and shuddered. Was this her father who had preached infinite faith in God's mercy, in Christ's redeeming grace? He talked now as if mankind were abandoned as a prey to the Evil One, with no guardian and champion to protect and save; no all-merciful Judge to adjust the balance; as if humanity, forgotten by God, were left to struggle single-handed against the devices of the Great Enemy. Of our ever-interceding Redeemer, of guardian angels, and ministering spirits, and saints who had fought and conquered, Joshua now rarely spoke. He described a world given over to the Prince of Darkness.

Nor was this the only change which Naomi beheld with remorseful grief, believing herself in somewise to blame for this gloomy transformation. In his home as well as in his pulpit the minister was a new man. It was not in his nature to become a domestic tyrant. He interfered with no one's liberty or comfort; but he sat in his domestic circle like a statue; he banished all cheerfulness by his silent presence, he breathed an atmosphere of gloom.

Even Judith regretted this alteration in her brother's temper, though she had been apt in happier days to think him far too easy and indulgent a father. She, like Naomi, had her moments of remorse, thinking the change her work. Better perhaps if she had held her tongue about that foolish young man, and let time and Providence cure him of his folly. Naomi's marriage would have been a feather in the family cap: and although Miss Haggard had been disposed to begrudge her niece this exhaltation, it was a trial to receive the condolences of friends whose affected sympathy thinly disguised their inward satisfaction. Yes, taking all these things into consideration, Judith was sorry that she had not held her peace. She had acted for the best, of course. When had she ever done otherwise? But the worst had come of it instead of the best.

Cynthia bore her cross and made no murmur, and had neither kindness nor pity from any one except James Haggard, who thought it a hard thing that his pretty young stepmother should lead so dreary a life. She had not even the business and the delightful consciousness of increasing profits to console her; nor the power to restore exhausted nature with a surreptitious handful of figs or pudding-raisins when the dinner had been more than usually Spartan. James was sorry for the "poor little woman," as he called her, and was kind to her always for which grace she awarded him with heartfelt affection.

But her husband—the teacher, master, and friend, whom she had loved so dearly, and to whom, even when weak enough to pity and return Oswald's romantic passion, she had always rendered homage and affection—had withdrawn his favor from her; he loved her no longer; he was doubtless sorry that he had linked himself to so weak and useless a creature.

"What am I in his life?" she asked herself, in deepest despondency. "I cannot even keep his house for him; others do that. I sit by his fireside a useless intruder. He will not let me share in his higher life; if I ask him about the books he reads, or talk to him about our religion, I can see a cold and disdainful smile upon his lip. Sometimes I think that he is getting to hate me."

This thought was poison. Cynthia searched her life to see in what article of it she had offended her husband, and could discover no cause for his anger. That she had erred in letting Oswald love her, in letting her heart go out to him, she knew, and had repented of her sin with many tears; and, having bidden the sinner an eternal farewell, deemed that error a thing of the past, repented of, and in somewise atoned. She did not believe that jealousy was allied to love, and her great fear was that Joshua hated her. She did not know that there is a kind of jealousy, and that which has its root in the deepest love, which puts on the garb of hate, and has not seldom culminated in murder—such jealousy as made Othello strike Desdemona before the Venetian emissaries, the passion of strong natures.

She endured her husband's unkindness with a sweet submission which might have softened a sterner temper than Joshua's, and would assuredly have melted him but for the corroding influence of a sleepless jealousy—jealousy of the past—jealousy of a ghost—for the departed Oswald was nothing more than a shade.

Joshua had said no word to his daughter about Oswald's letter. All through that day on which Cynthia went to Matcherly Common, Naomi had been full of anxiety and fear. How would her father act? Would his anger against Oswald take any violent shape? That was assuredly a contingency to be dreaded, an evil she had not foreseen when she gave Joshua the letter. But passion is fatally blind. The harm being done, she could see the possible danger plainly enough.

All through the long summer day she was restless and watchful, fearing she knew not what, or, rather, not daring to herself what she feared. The morning went by very quietly: Cynthia sitting in the parlor, sewing: Naomi busy about her usual household labors. She went in and out of the parlor a good many times, and always found Cynthia in the same attitude, working assiduously at that fine stitching which would have tried older eyes.

Had Joshua spoken to his wife about the letter?

Yes. Naomi thought he had. There was one bright spot of color on Cynthia's pale cheek that told of agitation studiously suppressed. Once when Naomi spoke to her she answered absently. She must know something about the letter, Naomi thought.

After dinner, Cynthia went up to her bedroom, and came down again five minutes afterwards with her bonnet on. It was a busy afternoon in the shop. Aunt Judith and Jim had returned to their duties, and Joshua had gone out. There was only Naomi in the parlor, when Cynthia came down ready for her walk.

"I am going for a long walk, Naomi," she said. "I shall be home by tea-time."

There was no fear of Naomi offering to accompany her step-mother. They had not walked together since Oswald Pentreath's departure. Day by day the gulf had been widening.

This walk of Cynthia's set Naomi wondering. Could she be gone to meet Oswald? That seemed of all things most unlikely. Joshua had the letter; it was Joshua who would keep the appointment. And then, oh God! who would tell what might be the issue of the meeting!

Naomi went about the house and the garden like a wandering spirit for the next hour, and then it seemed to her that this suspense was beyond endurance; she must follow her father to the old shaft—she made very sure that he had gone there—she must be on the spot or near it, whatever harm was to come. Oh, why had she given him that shameful letter? Blind and wicked rage which prompted so wild an act!

"Did I want to make my father's life miserable, or to bring evil upon Oswald?" she cried. "Yes, I was wicked enough for anything yesterday; I was mad with anger and jealousy." She put on her bonnet, and went out, unseen even by Sally, who was washing in the cool brick-floored back kitchen. The sun was blazing upon the neat little town. The white houses were of a dazzling brightness, the sweet-williams and red roses shone like spots of fire, the ruddy glow of the forge looked pale against the sun-glory. Naomi took no heed of the heat; she walked rapidly to the end of the lane that led to Matcherly and then ran along the shaded narrow way till she came to the edge of the wood. Here she paused for a little, breathless and exhausted. They would be coming homewards by this time, she thought. Cynthia and Oswald, and he who had gone perhaps to watch their meeting—or to disturb it. She might come face to face with her false lover. Her heart beat wildly at the thought.

There was one central path through the wood, a clearly defined cattle track, which, she felt assured, would be taken by any one going in the direction of the old shaft. It was easy to skirt this broad grassy track by a narrow footway that wound through the underwood, and among the smooth silvery beech boles and the rugged greenish grey oak trunks. The path ran like a thread through the bracken. By this narrow way Naomi went swiftly, till she came to the rising ground that sloped upwards to Matcherly Common. Here she chose her post of espial behind a sturdy old oak, bearded with grey lichen, and half strangled with ivy—a Methuselah of trees, from which time had lopped limb after limb, but which still held numerous arms aloft, like a woodland Briareus, and seemed to threaten or denounce surrounding Nature. So one might fancy some prophetic Druid transformed into a tree, dumbly prophesying evil to come upon the earth.

Sheltered by this broad trunk, which stood waist high in hawthorn and bracken, Naomi waited to see her father and Oswald pass by and to be assured that all was well with them. They would hardly fall to return by the cattle track; it was the only direct path to Combhollow, and on either side the underwood was too thick and wild for the perambulation of anything but the furred and feathered inhabitants of the forest.

She waited for what seemed a long and weary time; then, a little after four o'clock, she saw Cynthia go by, walking slowly. She was very pale, and the white wan cheeks bore the trace of tears: but she had a resigned look, as of one whose soul is not lost to peace.

"She has been to meet him," thought Naomi. "And yet she does not look like a shameless sinner." Then Naomi began to pray that Joshua might not have seen that clandestine unholy meeting—that he might have been spared the temptation to any evil act.

The time she had to wait for her father's coming hung heavily, so great had become that burden of nameless dread. Yet it was but half an hour after Cynthia had gone by that her husband came slowly along the forest glade, and passed within a yard of the tree behind which his daughter was watching.

She rose as he approached, and stood leaning against the bulky old trunk, gazing at her father's face as she had never looked before at anything under God's heaven. Never had any other spectacle so thrilled, so frozen her being, as this one view of a familiar countenance. To have looked in the face of the dead would have been less awful.

White to the lips, and with big drops of sweat upon brow and cheek, the mouth rigid, the dark eyes almost hidden under the lowering brows—Joshua, the Christian preacher, the man sure of election and grace, passed under the flickering lights and shadows; like some horrible vision of sin and vengeance, passed, and was gone. Naomi leaned against the tree, her hands clasped, her eyes gazing at the empty air, the shaft of afternoon sunlight upon which, a million atoms, each a life, danced and sparkled; yet still seeing that blanched and awful face—the face of a man who had come straight from some hideous death-scene; the face of a man burdened with the secret of a crime.

"Oh, God!" cried Naomi, with an overmastering despair, "why didst thou create us, predestined sinners, judged, doomed before we were born! The best of us, the most earnest, the truest, the noblest, given over a prey to the Evil One! My father, even my father, lowest, blackest of sinners!"

She stood in the same attitude, supported by the mossy trunk; stood as in a trance, and saw the sunlight dip lower behind the black branches and change from gold to rose, from rose to crimson, from deepest red to tenderest purple. She watched these changes in a kind of semi-consciousness and a strange feeling of uncertainty as to her own identy; this Naomi Haggard leaning against a tree seeming to her—the actual entity—to be a forlorn and stricken creature surely to be pitied. She pitied herself and was sorry for herself with a half-scornful compassion. And so she waited, in a dreamy watchfulness, till nature gave way and she sank, worn out, into a heap at the foot of the tree.

Here, faint and exhausted but not unconscious, she still watched, till thick night came down upon the wood, and she heard the owls hooting and saw the rabbits running within a few feet of her resting-place. Only when the darkness closed round her did she rise and go home, too familiar with the wood to lose her way even in the deep shadow of a woodland night-scene. She went homeward slowly, caring little who might question or wonder at her absence.

And in all the time of her watch she had not seen Oswald Pentreath go by.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BRIDAL PRESENTS.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

"Anna!" screamed Mrs. Locke. We are sorry to accept so undignified a word for the tone of voice used by that most fascinating of belles; but Mrs. Locke was stationed behind the curtain of the second-story front room window, and her sister was dressing her hair at the very back of the house.

"Well?" inquired Miss Paine, half turning from the mirror to listen.

"Another present for the bride; a large white box, I should say; but I can't make it out exactly, Harry!"

Miss Paine, catching at the skirt of her dressing-gown, fled through the intervening room.

"I think that is one of the silversmith's men; he's been there twice already. Depend upon it—more silver."

"That's twenty-three parcels I've counted," said Mrs. Locke. "I fancy she must have very handsome presents."

"Oh, some must have been her dresses and things; but she ought to have—all her relations are rich."

"They are lighting the gas in the back parlor already. I should not wonder if they were going to have a rehearsal to-night."

"I dare say. Here comes the bridegroom. If it was me, I shouldn't thank him to be so early every evening. So all that horseback-riding turned out just as you always said it would."

Entirely unconscious of this neighborly observation, Harold Welsh hurried along in the early twilight, thinking only, as he turned the corner, that it was for the last time. To-morrow his probation ended, and when they returned to the city he should have a right to come and go just as he pleased; the right of a husband and son, in the house that held his promised bride. With all sweet dreams and fancies—far more unselfish and earnest than young men of four-and-twenty are apt to entertain—he sprang up the marble steps, and rang a quick summons to the servant who had received the "twenty-three parcels," and who remarked to the cook, as he turned loungingly towards the door, "That bell seemed hung on wires, and that person could wait till his hurry was over."

The threat was not fulfilled, however, for the bride, herself, watching by the parlor window, had saved John the trouble for this occasion.

No wonder at this proof of her interest and eagerness for his coming. The happy Harold scarcely waited to place the door between them and Mrs. Locke, still watching over the way, before he had given her such a kiss and embrace as you can imagine under the circumstances. He could not help a feeling of disappointment, though, when his lady-love's first half-smothered exclamation was, "Oh, it's you, is it, Harold?" while she resettled her discomposed collar and undersleeves.

"Who else did you suppose it was?" inquired the slightly piqued, but still devoted lover.

"Oh, don't get cross, there's a darling! But I thought it might be Cousin James. Seriously, you know, he hasn't been here for a week, and it's so strange! Nothing has come from him—not so much as a note or anything. Oh, Harold, I've had so many lovely things come to-day! All sorts of baskets and boxes, and ornaments, and silver! All my uncles and aunts have sent something in silver, and everything matches so beautifully. Isn't it strange about Cousin James? So rich, and my guardian, too, and always so fond of me! It must be something elegant when it does come. We've been talking it over, and every time the bell rung, you know, we thought it must be he, or his present. I told the girls I was sure it was, this time; I felt so, somehow, so I ran to the door myself."

It was not particularly gratifying to know that his bride had been watching for a trinket instead of himself; but Harold was too happy to let that damp the delight he felt in being near his "little wife"—"almost," as he whispered in the hall, after a separation of so many hours. He was sorry to hear voices in the back parlor, so he kept her talking away, while he made a great parade of unbuttoning his overcoat, and drawing off his gloves.

"You must not mind how I look to-night," she ran on, giving her apron a little smoothing; "people never do look like anything or pretend to dress the week before they are married, Albertina says—and she has been bridesmaid ever so many times. She was astonished when she found I had made no difference all the while, and advised me to keep on my morning dress to-night, at any rate. She thinks Cousin James intends to send a whole tea service, or a very elegant set of ornaments; she says she shouldn't be surprised if he gave diamonds. But, I forgot—you haven't seen the things. They are all set out on the sofa-table, in the back parlor, except your mother's—there wasn't room for that, so it's on the piano, and by-and-by we are going to arrange them in the dressing-room upstairs."

"I'm glad you told me what it all means," said Harold, as he bowed to Miss Albertina Willis, first bridesmaid, and Ellen Ward, the third—the intervening damsel had not yet arrived. "I should say you were getting up a fancy fair, or something of that kind, if I did not know. Needle books and Cologne bottles! What a collection!"

"Oh, don't!" called out the bride, rescuing an embroidered white satin sachet from his careless handling. "There isn't a needle book in the whole, you provoking man! And that pair of Colognes are real Bohemian; they haven't been in the house ten minutes. They're Mrs. Jacob's present, and must have cost immensely, Albertina says."

"So they are to be gauged according to market value. The regard of the giver has nothing to do with the transaction—only the length of purse they imply. This is rather pretty."

It was a taper stand—one of those trifling affairs one sees on every mantelpiece.

"Mrs. Grimes," he read the card attached. "You ought to put the price down, in dollars and cents, under each; or, mark it on the bottom of the article, as they do in the china shops."

"Oh, you're joking, now. I know you think just as I do—that it's very mean in Mrs. Grimes, when I made Agnes such a lovely present last year. I don't think she would like to see the price put down very well. I expected something elegant from her. Isn't this lace set beautiful? That's from Aunt Jane."

"Rather." It was plain to see he did not know one present from another, as he carelessly ruffled the *Alencon* chemisette the young ladies had been in ecstacies over. "How many dollars' worth of affection, Jenny?"

"Oh, it must have been—but I've no idea—immense!" said the future Mrs. Harold, in all good faith.

"Here's the silver, all by itself," said Ellen Ward. "See—what a lovely pair of sets!"

"And what are these?—muffin rings? One, two, three, four—why, there must be nine or ten! Oh, napkin rings, are they? Well, how many napkins are we to use at once? How tidy we shall have to be to display them all! And what is that trowel there?"

"A pickulis!" exclaimed the third bridesmaid, wondering if Mr. Welsh was really as ignorant as he pretended, but not knowing him well enough to ask.

"Why, there's two of them," said Harold. "Then I can always ask for two pieces of pie. How fortunate!"

"Oh, that's nothing," interposed Albertina. "Why, Alice Lawton had eight pairs of butter knives, I recollect, all marked with her name in full, so that it was impossible to exchange them. To be sure, it would be nicer if one of these was a crumb scraper."

"How long since silver crumb-brushes came in?" inquired Harold.

"Not brushes—a knife something like this, or this more;" and she held up a massive fishknife, elaborately engraved with dolphins, while the fork was in the form of a trident. "See how heavy this is! Mrs. Frank Welsh has really been very kind."

"Oh, that's *my* relation. Why is everybody expected to shell out on these occasions?"

"Shell *out!* What an expression, Harold!" said the bride elect, pontingly. She thought he was not half as much pleased as he should have been. For her part, she had been in such a state of excitement all day over her new possessions that she could scarcely wait for evening to come, that he could share her raptures. The very wrapping-paper, and twine, and packing-boxes, had a charm for her.

"Mrs. Egbert Welsh sent that pair of preserve-spoons," said the matter-of-fact Ellen Ward, on whom the business of this display would principally fall, and who was losing no time in getting the catalogue of her wares by heart—we believe it is a part of regular bridal etiquette for the third bridesmaid to undertake "the fancy table,"—"Mrs. Jones, the saltspoons lined with gold, you see, and gold mustard spoon. Miss Grant, the tea strainer. Mrs. Pyne, the ice-cream knife. Hannah Richards, the ladle—no, she sent the oyster ladle—this is marked Mrs. Tom Barker, and belongs to the family set here. A dozen teaspoons, desserts, and tablespoons in this case, Mr. and Mrs. John Barker. Two dozen forks, breakfast and tea, Mrs. Edward. Sugar, Mrs. Henry. Cream, Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins Barker."

"See, how heavy they are!" added the bride, who, running to the window, another ring having announced the arrival of a disappointment in the shape of the baker's boy with fresh buns for tea, had returned in time to take pride in this display of the liberality on the part of her own family.

"Very," said Harold, gravely, balancing a fork which he had taken from the velvet lined purple morocco case. "Your Uncle Edward loves you so many ounces, 'warranted genuine.' Your Uncle and Aunt John so many more. Well, I have heard of 'weighing affection;' but I always considered it a figure of speech till now."

"Oh, you may say what you please, Harold; its very kind in them, and mamma says every couple ought to have their silver in readiness."

"Particularly, after her stipulation that you should always live with her; and she has everything in this line all ready."

"But how should I manage if Cousin James should send a whole tea service," said the bride, "so as not to offend Uncle Henry and Uncle Tompkins? I wish they had chosen anything else—something entirely useful—silver eggboilers, say."

"He will, you may depend upon it," said Albertinia Willis. "The winter I was in Savannah, there was Georgia Berrian's uncle, just like your Cousin James, only he was a planter instead of a merchant, and a very old gentleman—her uncle, instead of her father's cousin; but he was her guardian, I mean. He did not come to the wedding; but two weeks before, the most enormous packing-box arrived from Charleston by the steamer. Well, all rushed to see it opened; and what do you think it turned out to be? A dressing bureau! It was rosewood, to be sure, and elegantly carved; but only think of a dressing bureau for a bridal present!"

"Look out for a washstand from Cousin James," said Harold, highly amused at the story, with its marked emphasis; "a washstand, and towel-frame to match."

"Nonsense!" returned the bride, to whom the story was tolerably familiar, this being the fourth repetition. "Hear the rest of it. Be quiet, or I shall pinch your arm severely, Harold. Go on, Albertina."

"Well," said Albertina, "after a while, we thought we might as well have the bureau set up, as plenty of drawers were wanted, you may be sure, with ten bridesmaids, seven of us staying in the house! I remember, there wasn't a nail that would have held another thing. And what do you think? When we came to open the first drawer, there was a set of linen cambric handkerchiefs—it was a small side drawer—and half a dozen French collars; and a whole piece of Valenciennes lace; and dear knows what all. You should have seen us tearing out the things after that; the most elegant dresses, and a white watered mantilla—I recollect, it was the year they first came out—a crape shawl, and elegant fan, and even a sunshade; a whole wardrobe complete, that he had sent North for, it seems. You never saw such a looking room as it was when we got through. Every chair, and table, and the floor piled up with things!"

"Dear Jenny, I hope your Cousin James won't copy that remarkable fashion."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because the house certainly would not hold any more dresses, and bonnets, and things. Only recollect how many times I've escorted you to Miss Wharton's. And it must be three months, at least, that I have walked over that unfortunate sempstress in the bent bonnet, who is always going home just as I come."

"Oh, one can't have too much," said Albertina, emphatically. "If I was going to be married, I should make it a point to have a different dress, and lace set, for every party, and a bonnet for every walking-dress. I can't see the least use in being married without having plenty of new things!"

"I dare say," said the bridegroom. "Where's your mother, Jenny?"

"I've hardly had a glimpse of her all day, she's so busy about the collation. That puts me in mind; she wanted to see you, when you came in, about the wine. You'll find her in the dining-room."

"Suppose you go with me, to show me the way."

"Why, if Cousin James should come, or send—for, you see, I am sure, being my guardian, it will be something superb—I shouldn't like to be out of the way."

"Yes," said Albertina, "after watching ever since one o'clock."

"But," suggested Ellen Ward, "we could bring it right up, you know."

"Pray, don't trouble yourself," said Harold. He was only a mortal man, and could not help being a little vexed. "I can find your mother, I dare say."

"Oh, don't be disagreeable, Harold." And a lover's quarrel would certainly have ensued, if the bride had not thought better of it, and followed him into the hall. "You're not angry with me?"

"No, darling!" and he smoothed the half frown away from his face, as she nestled close in his arm going up the broad staircase. "But these pomps and vanities seem so unsuited to all I have been thinking and feeling to-day. I suppose I have not got over my disappointment in not finding you alone to-night."

"But you will have me all to yourself after to-morrow."

"True, my little bride," and his heart gave a great bound at the thought.

"And, you see, if we did not have at least one rehearsal—most people have three or four—there might be some disagreeable mistake, and that would spoil all."

"All?"

"The wedding, I mean."

But it was a very irksome evening notwithstanding. The groomsman would not understand the precise order of entree—Harold persisted in calling it "learning the figure"—and the second bridesmaid had a cold; and was obliged to stay at home, and nurse herself for the next day. Her place was supplied for the time being by Mrs. Barker, the mother of the bride, who, being constitutionally nervous, and especially flurried when so many things still remained to be looked after, went wrong continually, and was called off as soon as she began to enter into the spirit of the thing.

Albertina, mistress of ceremonies, by virtue of her long experience, was "in despair" every five minutes; and it was wonderful how she managed to survive at all. The door bell rang continually, and the bride as often broke away from "her partner," and flew to the hall, to receive the head waiter engaged for the next day, or some bandbox, or parcel, or message from the milliner or dressmaker; but no parcel from the delinquent guardian, who was so strongly forgetful, considering that he had heartily approved of the engagement at the first, and was the wealthiest of all Miss Jenny Barker's well-to-do relatives.

"I wouldn't mind so much, at any rate, only every one will talk so," she said to Harold, who felt himself compelled to leave without having seen her alone ten minutes; yet when he came, it had seemed as if he could not say half that was in his heart for a month at least. It was so full of bright hopes, and the new duties he was to take upon himself, and fears lest he should fail in making that dear girl as happy as she should be.

"What should we care for any one, Jenny, when we have each other. And really I don't see what more a woman's heart could wish than such a shower of beautiful things. I was only teasing. I think your presents very handsome, dear, and it's very kind in our friends."

Just then, at the very latest possible hour, the messenger so watched for was heard ascending the steps.

"I shan't turn my head this time," said the bride, despondingly. "I know it's too late for Cousin James now."

Very likely it was; for he was a middle-aged gentleman of very regular habits, who had despatched his office-boy with the parcel and note now delivered, early in the evening. Why they had just arrived was best known to the messenger himself, who did not wait for explanations.

It seemed as if that string would never come untied. Harold took pity on the impatient, fluttering little fingers, and cut it with his knife finally. One, two, three wrappers!

"And it's so heavy What can it be?" said the bride, eagerly.

Then a strong pasteboard packing-box edged with blue. Harold began to comprehend the mystery; but nothing was further from the young girl's excited imagination than the plain, substantially bound "Oxford Family Bible," which presented itself when the cover was raised.

Tears of disappointment and mortification sprang to her eyes as she looked up to Harold.

He was sorry for her; though, to him, it seemed a very wise and proper gift from the judicious guardian, who had always had her best welfare at heart. He wondered that no one, not even his own good mother, in all their circle of relatives, had made the same choice.

"Read the note, Jenny," he said, soothingly, as he would have done to a grieved, disappointed child, putting it into her hand.

She gave it back to him open; but she could not make it out through her tears. They were alone now; so he drew her head down on his shoulder, and read in his grave, manly voice:

"I send you an unusual gift, dear child; for you have always been as dear to me as my own could have been; yet I can think of no other so suitable, coming from me, at this time. A family Bible is not what it used to be in my young days; nor held in such loving reverence, or consulted with such faith and trust of the old time. Still, knowing Harold as I do, and how readily you are won to the right way when it is set before you, I hope that in your household it will never be neglected and unused, as it is in so many homes.

"I do not approve of bridal presents in the light they have come to be considered. They are too often only vehicles of ostentatious display, oftimes ill-afforded, and given grudgingly in secret; and the truest friends are wounded by seeing their modest offerings, placed in glittering contrast with what has cost far less thought and care, overlooked or slighted by the recipient for some useless bauble. Envy and heartburning, every kind of ill-feeling, seems to me to grow out of this much-abused custom. I had made up my mind to discontinue it in future, before I knew that I was so soon to be called on to give you away. Harold could not ask anything more precious at my hands; and tell him, from me, that if at any time my counsel, credit, or more tangible proof of the entire confidence I have in him will be of any service, he must not hesitate to call on me, as if I was his own father."

The reader's eyes grew misty now, while a smile of sudden satisfaction and pleasure flushed his bride's upraised face. It was so kindly said, that, in spite of her expectations, she could not be vexed at her guardian; and the disappointment began to lose its keenest edge.

"For yourself, my dear child, accept all I can offer of heartfelt good wishes and earnest prayers for your future happiness. I doubt not other friends have lavished more costly gifts. None have thought of you as I have this day in selecting mine—save, indeed, your mother and your future husband.

"Heaven's blessing be on you both."

"What more could we ask, darling?" said Harold, kissing her forehead softly; and at that moment, free from all external worldly influences, she was ready to answer, "Nothing."

FARM AND GARDEN.

FLOWER-STEMS should always be cut with a knife, and never with scissors, as the tubes will not draw up the water if they are bruised and lacerated and partly closed. Two or three drops of camphor to every ounce of milk-warm water, will often restore faded flowers, as it does a fainting person.

ONE quarter of a pound of Spanish brown, one-half pound of copperas, one pound of dry and three pounds of green poke-root, and three gallons of water; boil well for one hour and put in a trough with drinking water as strong as hogs will drink. If a hog is too sick to drink, drench once or twice.

To prevent saddle galls, the saddle should be lined with some hard substance. Flannel or woolen cloth is bad. A hard-finished, smooth raw-hide lining, similar to those of the military saddles, is preferable. Then if the saddle is properly fitted to the horse's back, there will be no galls unless the horse is very badly used. Galls should be washed with soap and water, and then with a solution of six grains of copperas or blue vitriol, to one tablespoonful of water, which will harden the surface and help to restore the growth of skin. White hairs growing upon healed gall spots cannot be prevented.

THE constant and regular rains during the present year have caused large crops of weeds and grass to grow on uncultivated and stubble lands. Three crops, if turned under with a good turn plow while they are yet green, are equal, if not superior, to many tons of the best commercial fertilizers. There is no green crop that grows upon our lands but what is valuable for this purpose. In addition to their fertilizing properties, this turning under destroys the seeds of the weeds and grass, which, if left to mature, will in the future require great labor and expense to exterminate them. Much valuable labor may be saved if the work is now done, and the land greatly benefitted at the same time.

ONE of the most incomprehensible discoveries—if it be true, which is questionable—that we have ever encountered, is announced in a recent French journal, by M. Massie. He says that the mere introduction of an iron bar, in the box in which barley, rice, bran, biscuit, and like farinaceous materials are stored, is sufficient to prevent either the ravages of decay or the attacks of insects. Full details of the experimental investigations are given. An iron bar three pounds in weight is reputed to have protected forty gallons of grain; and certain biscuits were preserved for seven months in excellent condition, while others, under like circumstances but without the iron, were totally destroyed by weevils.

WHETHER it is best to sow winter wheat early or late, depends so much upon local conditions and circumstances that no safe general rule can be given. If wheat is sown early enough to insure good, strong, well-established plants before cold weather sets in, it will be less liable to injury from cold than if sown later; but, then, if the growth is too rank there is danger of the plants being smothered in regions where snow falls to a great depth. In localities where the Hessian fly abounds, late sowing of wheat is to be recommended as a protection against this insect. This fly is usually abundant early in the fall, but disappears at the approach of cold weather; consequently wheat which does not come up until late is comparatively safe from its attacks. These points in wheat culture should command the attention of the raiser, who is placed in a position to judge best of the effects of variation in the time of sowing. Of course he must know something of the habits of the noxious insects which prey upon his crops, and must also observe the effects of heat and cold, droughts and wetness, to be enabled to guard himself against loss.

POOR HARRY.

One cold winter morning a little errand boy went whistling to his work. He was intelligent looking, active, and full of life, with as fair a prospect of reaching a fine old age as any boy living. Moreover, he was a good, true-hearted lad. He had to work, it is true, but that did not worry him half as much as the thought that "mother had to work harder than he did to help support the family.

"But, never mind," he would say; "just wait till I'm a man! Then she shan't work so, or my name's not Harry!" and the thought would send a brighter light to his eyes, and a rosier glow to his cheeks, and a cheerier tone to his voice.

But this brave boy had one trouble that caused him much unhappiness. His father was, alas! a poor, miserable drunkard!

Poor Harry! It was a sore misfortune to him, but every night he prayed: "Oh, Lord, please make father a better man!"

You see, he was a *praying* boy. This was a wonderful help to him. He loved his Sunday school, too. Every Sunday, rain or shine, he trudged off, happy as a lark, to the church and school. He had to wear patched clothes, it is true. But what of that? Weren't they as nice and clean as mother could make them? Didn't he have the name of being the best boy in his class? Didn't the teacher love him? And didn't the clergyman always give him a kind shake of the hand, a pleasant smile, or a word of praise? Yes. Then should he care if, now and then, a bad boy did twit him about his clothes? No.

And so he trod his humble way through life till the winter morning of which I write.

Being employed in a large shop, his first daily duty was to light the fire, which was usually an easy task. But this morning something was wrong with the wood. It would not light. However, Harry persevered, vainly trying to make the refractory thing take fire. His hands grew numb, his teeth chattered, and his limbs shook with the cold. It was growing late. What should he do?

Nearly desperate, he stood quite still, his eyes wandering aimlessly around, when suddenly they fell upon a can of kerosene oil.

"The very thing!" he cried, and springing eagerly forward, he caught it up.

A moment more, and—oh! how can I write the terrible truth? He poured its fatal contents over a fresh supply of lighted wood, and was instantly wrapped in flames—his face, his hands, his entire body at their mercy.

Nor was this all. The flames spread from the burning oil till the building caught fire. Harry, frantic with pain, ran round and round, screaming for help. People hurried to his relief. Quickly extinguishing the fire, they carried him home—to that home he had left scarce two hours before, radiant with hope and strength. Physicians were summoned, only to pronounce his doom.

Poor Harry! He must give up life and all that he prized on earth. The sun would shine, the seasons come and go, the flowers he loved would bloom, the wild birds sing the notes he had learned to whistle, and all things look as bright and gay as ever; but he must die! Yes, *die*, and leave this beautiful world, and his dear, dear mother!

I know it seemed hard, reader, but you will not think so in the end; for shortly before Harry died, his father knelt down at his bedside. None may know what he felt—that wretched father, well nigh crazed with thoughts of his child's death—but his groans were heart-rending, while great tears rolled down his cheeks, as he looked on the poor little burnt face before him.

Could that be Harry, his brave, bright boy? Alas! yes; even though he lay there as if utterly unconscious of the father bending over him.

But was he so unconscious as he seemed? Scarcely. For, a few minutes later, when the physicians attempted to give him brandy to prolong his life, it no sooner touched his lips than, with a sudden strength, as resolute as unexpected, he pushed it away, and holding one hand tightly over his mouth, steadfastly refused to drink even a drop, moaning, when they told him it was for his good, "No, no; I hate it! Take it away!"

And again pushing it from him, he fixed his eyes imploringly on his father, he said, "Oh, father, when I am dead, will you think of poor mother more than you have done? Will you leave off drinking, and make the dear old home comfortable? Perhaps I shall be able to look down from heaven upon it, and, oh! what joy it would give me were I to see you and mother living happily together instead of miserable. Promise, dear father, promise to leave off drinking, and comfort poor mother when I am gone."

Sobbingly, the man lifted up his hands, and in earnest tones said: "Harry, I promise! From this time forth, never more shall strong drink enter my lips. I will be kind to your mother, Harry. Would that you were spared to see my resolution fully carried out."

"I am happy now, father, for you have given your promise."

"I have, my son, and will keep it."

A smile played round the lips of the boy as he heard the words, and in another minute poor Harry was dead.

The father kept his promise, and could Harry look down on the home of his boyhood, he would indeed have cause to rejoice at the change.

THE CHILD MUST OBEY.—It is a fixed rule under all circumstances that the child must learn to obey. Obedience is the first step in education. The child must be submissive to a higher will and a more matured knowledge. By degrees he will soon find out the reason why. Take heed, however, that you do not forbid or command anything, if you cannot or will not strictly and inflexibly enforce obedience; otherwise, you introduce a laxity of principle into your action, which nothing can retrieve. Never give a command or a prohibition excepting from your determined purpose or your matured judgment.

TAKE THE PAINS.—Never think it too much trouble to answer your children's questions. How often do we hear the tart reply, "I am sure I don't know, child—pray don't tease me, when you see I'm busy!" This is the surest way to stunt the growth of your child's mind. It is the most cruel and ruthless conduct possible, thus to deny a child the information which he craves, and allow him to feel all the awkwardness and pain to which ignorance exposes him. Rather hail with joy these indications of a growing mind, and make the little inquirer happy by drawing him to you with a kiss, and give him as full and patient an elucidation as he may require.

MY COUSIN HORACE.

BY KATE CLARKE.

"She is a woman; that is enough to make me dislike her."

The words fell upon my ear, as I lay just waking from my afternoon nap, upon my sofa.

"Horace!"

My aunt's gentle voice uttered the word in a reproachful tone, and I knew that her son, whom we had been expecting home from his French trip for some days had arrived.

"I did not mean to grieve you, mother," said the first voice; "I do love you, if you are a woman; but, oh! mother, if you only knew!"

"Knew what, Horace?"

"I wrote to you about Amy—how I loved her—how gentle, true, and fair she seemed, and she made me believe I was the only one she loved."

"Well, Horace, you wrote that she had promised to be your wife next year."

"She was married to another one week before I left Paris; and she had deceived me. She loved him all the time, but they quarrelled, and while they were estranged she met me. They met again—were reconciled; and I——Well, it is over!"

I sprang up from the sofa, ashamed of the part of eavesdropper I had been unintentionally playing, and hastened to dress for dinner. As I stood before the glass, I mentally drew a contrast between the Amy he had so often described in his letters, and the face before me. She had fair, light curls, blue eyes, and blonde complexion, with a fairy-like figure. I was tall, with a full figure, jetty black hair and eyes, a gypsy complexion, and crimson roses on my cheeks. Cousin Horace was tall, too—not very handsome, but manly and talented, with an erect, free carriage, flashing eyes, and a loud ringing voice; all this I knew from his mother, for we had not met since we were children.

"So he has determined to hate me because I am a woman," I thought as I braided the back hair, and looped it near my cheek. "Well, it won't break my heart, I dare say!"

I came into the parlor with a quiet self-possession, and was introduced to my cousin. He started to find the little girl he remembered a tall woman, but I think felt relieved that I did not in any way resemble the lost Amy.

Coldly, distantly polite was his greeting; and mine matched it. We chatted on indifferent subjects till dinner-time, and I took the earliest opportunity to retire and leave the long-parted mother and son together.

We were in a pleasant country-house on the banks of the Derwent, passing the summer; but we knew none of the neighbors, and Horace and I were forced to become friends. We walked and rode together, but always chatted on general subjects, and with the formality of perfect strangers.

It was exceedingly tiresome! All my other cousins, when I had occasionally visited them, had treated me like a sister—and I enjoyed it! but this iceberg of a man talked, in his stately, composed way, as if we were entire strangers meeting in a crowded saloon. And yet—strange as it may seem—I looked forward with impatience to our walks or evening chats—longed, wished for them. My cousin was talented, and had traveled—not returning to prate idly of the wonders he had seen, but to profit by them, and improve the mind heaven had given him.

He never referred to Amy; but sometimes, when speaking of his stay on the Continent, a bitter smile would flit over his face, as if the reminiscences he spoke of were connected with others buried deep in his own breast.

One morning, while we were at breakfast, a van drove up; and from it was hoisted a large package containing a piano.

"Cousin," said Horace, "you were lamenting the absence of a piano last week;—will you use this one?"

The delight and gratitude I felt at his kind thoughtfulness were chilled, crushed by the cold, business-like tone of his voice. I bowed, tried to speak, and finally ran up stairs and cried. I could not tell why; it was very kind for him to indulge me in my favorite pleasure, but he evidently hated me all the while—else why that chilling tone? It was merely polite attention offered by a gentleman to a lady—nothing more.

"He has no heart, no feeling!" I thought, as I dried my eyes, but before night I changed my opinion.

We were seated in the parlor, with no light but that given by the moon as it poured in at the windows; and I opened the piano. It had a fine, deep tone; and after my fingers once lighted upon it I forgot everything else. Horace and my aunt were silent. I played for some time, when a deep, bitter sigh made me look up. Auntie was gone; my cousin sat upon the sofa, his head bowed down, and his face buried in the cushion.

"Are you ill?" I asked, crossing the room.

"No, no! But music—such music as yours recalls many things. You are a fine performer, cousin; but that this is nothing compared to the soul-music you pour out, I could be a better man if I heard such often."

My heart bounded at this, his first compliment.

"I love music, I said, gently.

"I love it too! Cousin, I have sat for hours, listening to a harp played by——"

He paused; I knew what he meant, and my heart full of sympathy, I softly laid my hand upon his head. The action, slight as it was, recalled him.

"It is getting late! I will close the piano! and then good-night, cousin."

Cold, distant, stately, he rose, letting my hand fall from his head, never heeding it.

I went up-stairs. It was a drop too much in my cup; and humiliated by the thought that I had given my love unsought, uncared for, I passed the night in sleepless, tearful agony.

The next morning I resolved to return home, and was more determined by hearing a phrase which fell from Horace's lips just as I entered the breakfast-room. It was, "Never, mother; I can never trust another woman!"

I turned from the room and went out into the air. I was choking, stifling. All unheeding where I strayed, I went on towards the bank of the river. I thought of the loving, kind attention towards his mother—his gentlemanly bearing to our few visitors—his kind, unostentatious benevolence to the poor, with whom he came in contact—and I contrasted it with his cold indifference to myself, till I grew nearly frantic.

Then my thoughts turned to that silly girl whom he had loved—false, deceitful as she was—and I hated myself that I had no power to efface her image from his heart. I, dark and tall, disgusted him, when her angel face rose before his mind's eye. I was handsome, and did not want admirers to tell me so. My heart, full of bitterness and sorrow, I dashed on, hearing the ripples of the water kiss the bank below me; and sometimes looking down, half tempted to end my misery like Sappho.

I was standing, exhausted with my passionate haste, leaning against a tree, when a deep manly voice called, "Kate! Kate! where are you?"

I started, lost my balance and fell down my bank. There was a rushing sound in my ears, and then I lost consciousness. I was lying on the sofa when I recovered my senses. I felt strong arms around me as I lay there, too bewildered to open my eyes. I felt, too, hot tears dropping on my face; and I heard—oh, music!—a deep, rich voice, broken with sobs, saying, "Kate speak to me! Do not lie so still, like Death! Kate!" and then, "Oh! she is dead! I shall never be happy now!"

I opened my eyes, and then, as of old, afraid to trust his own heart's choice, he started to draw back, but I clasped the hand that drew back.

"Horace," I whispered, "love me—trust me."

Well, I can't write any more, because I am employed in twisting orange flowers into the most becoming shape for a wreath; and to-morrow my cousin Horace becomes somebody else—to me!

THE TWIN PORTRAITS.

BY HARRIET HAZELTON.

A rising artist! So Gilbert Lawson was called; but only by a small circle of his especial friends. Otherwise he was entirely unknown to fame. But he was hopeful. Once he saw an eagle leave its nest, and soar high up towards the sun, while its unfeathered young fluttered, but remained behind, unable to follow. He felt that it was much the same with himself—that struggles would strengthen his pinions, and he would in time be able to ascend the great ladder of fame. And so he toiled unceasingly.

For some months he had been engaged upon a portrait. He had found his model in a young girl, perhaps twelve years of age. He had first met her in the streets; and she was a beggar, or the next thing to it—she was a street-singer. When her voice first fell upon his ears it thrilled him, for it was wildly beautiful. He knew that voice trembled. He saw her hand as it was extended to receive the pitiful coin dropped into it; and he observed that this trembled also, and that it was very tiny and delicate. Then he looked upon her face.

Her eyes were of heavenly blue, but wore a sad expression, and were downcast. Her golden hair fell in tangled masses over her shoulders—indeed, she was beautiful, although no one but the young and enthusiastic painter had as yet especially noticed that beauty. When he explained to her his wish, her face became radiant with pleasure, which lent it an additional charm.

The picture was completed, and the artist sat gazing on it. He could scarcely decide in his own mind which he loved the best—the original or the semblance. But, dropping a curtain before his work, he arose and walked to the window, gazing into the street. A sigh escaped him; and so absorbing were his thoughts, that he did not observe the entrance of a second party, until a hand was placed on his shoulder, and a voice said, "Gilbert, I have called to see your work, as I promised you."

The artist blushed, and even trembled; and, as he lifted the covering, remarked, "Mr. Byrd, my fate depends upon a few words which you will speak now. I have thrown my whole soul into this picture, and I am everything or nothing. You are an old painter—speak candidly—tell me just what you think."

It was some moments before the young man raised his eyes, and then only when attracted by the long-continued silence of his friend. *When he did so, he saw that Mr.* Byrd was pale as death, had sunk into a chair, and that he trembled violently. He sprang to his side with a cup of water, and when the old man had partially recovered, he asked, "What, in the name of heaven, is the matter with you, my friend?"

"Where is your model?—who is your model?" gasped Byrd.

All was explained, and then the old man continued.

"Take your painting—come with me to my house!"

Gilbert followed his old friend, and he entered a superb mansion in due time, and was then taken direct to the studio. His own picture was placed beside another; and it was the young man's turn to start in surprise, for here were two portraits exactly alike, with the exception of the dress.

Mr. Byrd now said, "Be seated, Gilbert, and I will tell you a secret which has never been breathed to mortal man before. Twenty years ago I painted the likeness of my only daughter, and the picture you see before you. She was then ten years of age—she is now thirty, and still with me."

"May not this be her child—this model of mine?"

"Listen. At the age of nineteen, my daughter did as many a good girl has done before her—she married without my knowledge, and to one who was to me an entire stranger, and nearly so to her. That husband proved to be a villain, for in two years after he forsook her. More than this—he took with him a little daughter, by the name of Grace. The blow nearly killed the mother, and even time has never healed the wound. I have made every effort to trace out the man and recover our darling, but in vain. I gained such information, however, that I was satisfied he had died miserably in a distant town, and we have given little Gracie up as forever lost. Now you can account for my agitation when I first saw your painting, can you not?"

"I can divine your thoughts."

"What is the name of your model?"

"I only know her as Katie, the street-singer."

"You know where she can be found?"

"Yes."

"Let us go for her at once."

In two hours after, the little beggar entered the splendid saloon of the Byrd mansion. She was bewildered, for she had never gazed upon so much elegance before, except as she had seen it from the streets, through closely-curtained windows. Her confidence was soon restored, however, by the kind treatment she received, and then she was conducted to the study.

As her eyes fell upon the pictures, she stood motionless for a time, and then said, "Why, you have painted two pictures of me, instead of one, Mr. Gilbert."

"Yes—would you not like a copy?"

"Oh, so much!" she answered, her eyes becoming brilliant in anticipation.

"You shall have one of them. Which do you prefer?"

"This. I feel as if I could love it!" and the young creature knelt before the mother, while tears filled her eyes.

This was too much for the grandfather. He sank into a seat and covered his face with his hands, while the tears trickled through his fingers.

"What is your full name?" asked Gilbert.

"Katie Courtney. I thought you knew that before."

"Courtney was his name," groaned the old man.

"Do you remember your parents?" again asked Gilbert.

"Only my father. He was not very kind to me, and died in Plymouth several years ago."

"And have you been singing for your bread ever since?"

"I have."

"Well, if you are to have the picture, I want you to sing me a song now. You will do so, will you not?"

"Oh, yes, willingly!"

She began one of her wild strains, and the dwelling was filled with the sweet melody.

This had not long continued before the door of the study was opened and a lady entered the room. She was pale, and staggered as if suffering from great weakness. She clutched for support, and then asked, in a faint voice, "Who is this singer?"

To have answered in words would have been useless, however, for her eyes had fallen upon the face of the child; and, with a dull shriek, the mother fell fainting upon the floor.

In an instant, Katie, or Gracie, as was her real name, was by her side. As she gazed upon the marble face, she exclaimed, "Oh, this is the other picture!"

"Can you not imagine who it is?"

"Not my mother! Oh, tell me, is it my mother?"

"It is."

Joy never kills. The orphan child at this moment gave vent to her feelings in sobs, caresses, and words of endearment; and it was not long before the mother was fully conscious of her great happiness.

Those twin portraits had been the means of uniting those loved ones, who had been so long and cruelly separated.

HERE AND THERE.

FOR surf bathing, newspaper bustles are inappropriate.

PULLBACKS, corsets, money, and habitual drunkards continue to get tighter and tighter.

"Are you lost, my little fellow?" asked a gentleman of a four-year-old on Main street Saturday. "No," he sobbed in reply, "b-but m-my mother is."—*Rochester Union.*

A GIRL in Eighth street ate four pounds of wedding cake in order that she might dream of her future husband. And now she says that money couldn't hire her to marry the man she saw in that dream.

A COUNTRYMAN fell off a ferry-boat at Vicksburg, and his wife, waiting coolly until his head showed above the water, shouted: "There, durn yer, I know'd you'd do it! Bet yer'll never get out, either!"

A VILLAGE pedagogue, in despair with a stupid boy, pointed to the letter A, and asked him if he knew it. "Yes, sir." Well, what is it?" "I know him very well by sight, sir—but rat me if I can remember his name."

THE new cook, on receiving "short" notice to leave, with a hint that she had given a false character: "An' is it me false character ye're after castin in me teeth! As if I'd be bringing me throue character wid me, to lose in your dirty service."

"HOW FAR IS IT to Taunton?" asked a countryman, who was walking exactly the wrong way to reach that town. "About twenty-four thousand miles," was the reply. "If you go the way you are going now; if you turn round, about a mile."

THEY were talking of a death. When one man asked: "What were his last words?" "He didn't say anything," was the reply. "That's just like him," said the first man, with an approving nod. "There was no gas about him. He was all business."

ARTEMUS WARD thus described his perils at sea: "Deth stared us into the face. But we had rather the advantage of Deth. While Deth stared us into the face, there was about seventy of us stareln Deth into the face. The prospect wasn't pleasin' to us. Not much. I don't know how Deth liked it."

AT a recent exhibition of paintings a lady and her son were regarding with much interest a picture which the catalogue designated as "Luther at the Diet of Worms." Having descanted at some length on its merits, the boy remarked, "Mother, I see Luther and the table, but where are the worms?"

A TRAVELLER stopped at an inn to breakfast, and, having drank a cup of what was given him, the servant asked, "What will you take, sir, tea or coffee?" "That depends upon circumstances," was the reply. "If what you gave me last was tea, I want coffee; if it was coffee, I want tea. I want a change."

PERHAPS children are the silver cords that bind us to heaven, and yet a man doesn't think about that who, after listening until about three a. m. to the music of his infant, just glances wearily at his watch, and remarks to his wife, "My dear, I think I'll go out into the woodshed and try and get a little sleep."

ONLY a woman's hair. Who has not sometime in his life picked such a golden thread from his best coat collar, and felt his heart beat quicker for it? Or gazed upon a tress laid away in some book, and not felt the influence of tender memories? Only a woman's hair! And yet we do not like it in the butter.

ONE of a party of Irish laborers was killed by the caving of a gravel bank. Another of the party was relating the affair to a friend. He said: "Och but the boy is kilt shure. He's kilt." Then, after a moment's meditation, he continued: "And I wish I knew joost the place where I'm to be kilt. Be Jabers, wouldn't I be gitten a long ways from that place intirely?"

A LADY in Bedford, who lived near a church, was sitting by the window listening to the crickets which were loudly chirping, the music from the choir rehearsal being faintly audible, when a gentlemen dropped in familiarly, who had just passed the church and had the music full in his mind. "What a noise they are making to-night!" said he. "Yes," said the lady, "and it is said they do it with their hind legs."

A GOOD lady, who had two children sick with the measles, wrote to a friend for the best remedy. The friend had just received a note from another lady, inquiring the way to make pickles. In the confusion, the lady who inquired about the pickles, received the remedy for the measles, and the anxious mother of the sick children read, with horror, the following: "Scald them three or four times in very hot vinegar, and sprinkle them with salt, and in a very few days they will be cured.

THE MISSING SNUFFERS.—"I wonder what has become of the snuffers!" said Mrs. Van Jansen. "I have been looking for them all the evening, and can't find them high or low." Nobody could give any information. After a while, her tired Dutchman of a husband, getting sleepy, commenced pulling off his boots, preparatory to going to bed. "All dis day," said he, "I think I got some little grabble stones in my poot; I kess I ket 'em out now." He turned up his boot, and poured out the snuffers.

O, THE artless prattle of an innocent childhood! How the sweet music of their hearts and voices calms the wild yearnings of the sorrow-crowned years of maturity! At a happy home in Burlington, the other evening, where the family were gathered round the tea-table, entertaining unexpected guests, the fond mother said to the youngest darling, "Weedie, darling, be careful; you mustn't spill the berries on the tablecloth." "Taint a tablecloth," promptly responded darling, "it's a sheet." And late at night, when the company had gone away, and that sweet child was standing with its head nearly where its feet ought to be, catching with its tear-blinded eyes, occasional glimpses of a fleeting slipper that fluttered in the air in eccentric gyrations, one could see how early in the stormy years of this brief life one may begin to suffer for the truth.

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are the most beautiful in style and perfect in tone ever made. They have the celebrated Concerto stop, which is a fine imitation of the Human Voice, and two and a half Octaves of bells tuned in perfect harmony with the reeds, and their effect is magical and electrifying. WATERS' CLARIONA, ORCHESTRAL, CONCERTO, VESPER, CENTENNIAL, Chimes, CHAPEL, & COTTAGE ORGANS, in Unique French Cases combine PURITY of VOICING with great volume of tone; suitable for PARLOR or CHURCH.

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THE CHALLENGE

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New Departure! Everything Complete!
Paper, Pens, Ink, &c., 25 Cts.

It contains the finest articles and is the most valuable package ever offered, viz.:

18 *Sheets Paper,* 18 *Envelopes, Patent Goldine Pen, Pencil, Penholder, a*

PACKAGE OF INK POWDER,

enough to make an ordinary BOTTLE OF JET BLACK INK IN ONE SECOND, and one of the following articles of jewelry: *Ladies and Gents Finger Rings, Fine Silver Watches, Watch Chains, Ladies Sets, Ear Drops, Gents Bosom Pins, Ladies Imitation Silver Belts, Sleeve Buttons, Shirt Studs, Charms, &c., &c.*

All are sure to get full value of Stationery for 25 cents, and a handsome piece of Jewelry in addition.

It also contains A CHALLENGE CERTIFICATE and many valuable receipts, some of which are now being sold from one to five dollars each, but which are presented free to each buyer of the CHALLENGE STATIONERY PACKAGE.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to whom

THE FASHIONS.

The new bonnets occupy a prominent place in the interest of the feminine and fashionable world just now, as the "season" is budding—the new season—the old one being just at the last stage of its existence, and making ready to depart with the butterflies and like ephemera of summer time. Apropos of these coming bonnets, they are very ugly; this candor compels us to own, and we trust our fair readers will have the good sense to adopt the "helmet" style in its most modified condition. The ridiculously high pointed crown, the close capote front, the massed trimming upon some of the models sent on to be copied after, from across the water, combine to make a caricature rather than a bonnet.

Cardinal red, of a deeper shade than has been worn all summer, prevails in the new ribbons, sharing favor with a blue-green and myrtle-green; also bronze and seal-brown. Cream-color seems to be fading with the roses, or else intermingling but slightly with these more pronounced colors, and by no means retaining the popularity of last season.

Some very rich silk for

COMBINATION SUITS

are shown in damasse and stripes. In the former we notice a blending of cardinal and black, the latter having a satin surface, and the design being arabesques. This is to be worn with heavy black gros-grain underskirt. One suit made of these two materials was "gotten up" after this fashion:

The lower skirt, of gros-grain, had a deep box-plaited flounce, headed by a rose-pleated ruche, lined with the cardinal and black damasse, the centre pleat turned down so as to show the lining. The overdress was a sleeveless tight-fitting polonaise, with a long waist, and but little drapery in the back widths. The bottom was edged with a cording and several small folds of gros-grain, below which was a heavily knotted silk fringe; this last intermingled with cardinal strands. The neck was finished with a high round collar, lined with plain cardinal gros-grain. The sleeves were of black gros-grain, laid in up-turned folds of an inch and a half wide from wrist to shoulder. The broad pointed cuff was of alternate longitudinal folds of black gros-grain and damasse silk. A deep pocket of gros-grain was placed low down on the right side, disposed in longitudinal folds, and having just in the centre two over-lapping revers of damasse. The pointed bottom of this pocket had long loops of black and cardinal gros-grain ribbon.

Another and simpler suit was of seal-brown cashmere, combined with an all-wool damasse cloth of cream-tint and pale-brown—the peculiar feature of this last mentioned fabric being that the damasse figure in brown had a sort of creamy bloom upon it that rendered it indescribably beautiful. It is produced by an intermixture of twisted threads of cream and brown, which are very fine, and which are so thoroughly interwoven with the other threads as to be only discernible through this appearance of bloom or silvering. In this suit the underdress was long and entirely plain, being cut in Gabrielle style. It was made of the damasse, and had a thick cording at the bottom, below which was a narrow pleating, not over two inches wide, of the brown cashmere. The overdress was of the brown cashmere, and was cut *a la Jules*—shahal open at the sides of the skirt portion, and cut in one with the waist or bodice. As our readers are aware, the upper part of a *Jules* overdress has a sort of bib-waist, and no sleeves. In this suit, the bib-waist was corded with damasse, and so also were the openings at the sides. Bows of brown ribbon, with long loops, trimmed the front of it. A deep pocket of cashmere was set on, far back on the right side. A brown *toque* hat accompanied this suit, having for trimming a plume of brown and cream-colored cock's feathers, the fine glistening feathers, and a bright cardinal wing. A

CHARMING WRAPPER

for morning dress was made in this fashion:—Instead of the usual gored Gabrielle, it was laid in pleats overlapping each other, and of about an inch and a half in width. The pleats of the back were so disposed that they turned towards the centre from each side. The fullness necessary for a proper fit of the skirt, was set in under the side seams at or just below the belt. The material of the dress was fine delaine, and consequently would not be too heavy after being thus pleated up. The color of the dress was a clear gray or stone color, and had a broad facing or revers up the front of cardinal silk. A pointed collar of the dress material was lined and turned up with cardinal silk. The belt for this dress was of dark cardinal silk made pointed back and front and fastening at the side—the pointed pieces having eyelet-holes and being laced with a gray silk cord. The sleeves were half flowing with upturned cuffs of cardinal silk, laced on the outer seam with gray cord, and having two flat tassels.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A fancy in *lingerie* is cardinal-colored linen cuffs and collar, stitched in white.

The high pointed hat of rough braided straw is very jaunty, and is pretty for young, fresh faces.

The long chatelaine belt retains favor.

Embroidered polonaises have again appeared.

Jet will not be fashionable the coming winter; so "they say."

Thanks are due Messrs. Homer & Colliday for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We shall give instruction in this issue for a new style of what is known as

BRAID EMBROIDERY.

It differs from ordinary braiding, inasmuch as the flowers or leaves being made separately and afterwards sewed on the article it is designed to ornament.

We will take a simple article to illustrate the method. Our model being a cover for a

SOFA CUSHION.

Materials required being a square of cardinal red cloth, of about a foot and a half diameter, or more properly speaking, a foot and a half square. Six or seven bunches of shaded brown silk braid, the same quantity of pale green, with an equal amount of cream-tinted braid, and some skeins of shaded brown silk. The pattern we propose to follow is a cluster of acorns and leaves, connected by a cord intertwining. The design for the acorns must be stamped upon thin muslin, and braided; the acorns in pale brown, the cups in darker brown; the leaves in the pale green braid very closely, and make small stitches.

Afterwards cut away the muslin from around the wreath, leaving a centre of muslin. Baste upon the cardinal colored cloth, and sew each acorn and leaf firmly down, by an over casting stitch. Connect the acorns and leaves by a vine stitch of the cream colored silk. Then trace a basket pattern or fine trellis work across the muslin centre, and stitch it down to the cloth below, with alternate rows of cream-color, green, and the two shades of brown, in a chain stitch. In each corner of the cushion cover, apply or sew on, an acorn, with two leaves. Place a flat tassel of the mixed colors, at each of the four corners of your square, and when making up the cushion, edge with a mixed cord, and you will have a most satisfactory result.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. L. I. R., Macon, Georgia.—Make your gray silk and cashmere suit with an underdress of the silk, having a box-pleated flounce, and a polonaise of the cashmere. Either trim the polonaise with a knife pleating of the silk, or else cord it; if you are tall, and of a full figure, this last will be more stylish.

"Nellie V."—Can easily match the hair. Send P. O. order with price, $10.00.

NIBOR.

ONE REAPER MISSING.

BY OLIVE HELL.

Down by the river the maples nod
In the clover-scented breeze;
And the golden bars of the sunshine fall
On the emerald-tinted trees;
The cattle browse 'neath the walnut's shade,
The sheep in the woodland lie,
And the call of a lone Bob White is heard
In the ripening waves of rye.

And a mother sits, from the fragrant morn
Till the fall of the dewy eve,
On the shady porch, where the bright sunbeams
Bright fanciful shadows weave;
And her eyes grow dim with a mist of tears,
As the harvester's mirthful tune
Floats out on the tremulous morning air,
As blithe as a bird's in June.

For a chord is missed from the musical tide,
A ring from the sickles keen,
That was wont to blend with the sounds that glide
The gold-rimmed swathes between;
For the hands of her reaper are lying still
'Neath the daisy-spangled sod,
And his sickle blade is resting now
'Mid the gathered sheaves of God.

No more will his voice respond to her call;
No more will her pulses thrill
At the sound of his song, that re-echoed far
In the depths of the wooded hill;
For the voice is hushed, and the bright brown head
Is enshrined in the treacherous mold
That covers the pride of that mother's heart—
Her reaper, so fair, and bold.

MORE PRIZE PUZZLES.

The prize puzzle which has been repeatedly published in these columns, has attracted so much attention, and developed so much ingenuity in our readers, that we are encouraged to keep up the interest in this department, by offering additional inducements.

We will give

TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS

for the first correct answer to each of the following puzzles; the answer to be received before October 1st.

Each of these puzzles is a rebus, easily read, (when you know how) and each one forms a sentence containing a good suggestion.

No. 1—Two one one Two

$1000,000, D D E E.

No. 2—E E D D e e.

No. 3—A E E A O O.

A SLIGHT IMPROVEMENT.

BY P. F. H.

Mr. George Simpleson, junior, might well have been described as a favored son of fortune.

The only son of a rich merchant, he had been educated at Harrow and Oxford.

Shortly after leaving college, he had fallen in love with a beautiful girl, the daughter of a business acquaintance of Mr. Simpleson, junior. So that the two fathers had put their heads, or rather their purses together, and had started the young couple in life.

Which same start took the shape of a handsomely furnished villa at Putney, and a liberal account at the banker's.

And yet Mr. George Simpleson was not content. In the midst of all his comfort, with a lovely and accomplished wife, this Sybarite was not without the crumpled rose-leaf to disturb his rest.

And what do you think, reader, was the thorn in the side that made Mr. Simpleson imagine he was a miserable man?

Nothing more or less than his handwriting.

At Harrow he had been taught Latin and Greek, but writing was not deemed a necessary accomplishment for a gentleman; or, perhaps, they considered that it ought to come intuitively.

At all events, he had not been taught the mysteries of the thin up-stroke, and the thick down; the graceful curve, and the various other minutiæ of the art of caligraphy.

At Oxford he had not found it necessary to perfect himself in penmanship, consequently he still retained a peculiar collection of strangely formed hieroglyphics which he honored by terming his "writing."

Mr. George Simpleson, senior, was continually complaining about his son's "wretched scrawl."

His father-in-law, Mr. Manvers, never let pass an opportunity of expatiating upon the benefit of a plain, commercial hand.

It was in vain George tried to persuade them that bad handwriting formed one of the outward and visible signs of a gentleman.

Even his wife added her mite to his misery. She wrote a beautiful hand, and perhaps in hopes of achieving a reformation, she often used to compare the two together.

At length, these constant comparisons made George so intensely wretched that he hated the sight of pen and ink and paper, and one evening, after a particularly vexatious lecture from Mr. Manvers, on the wickedness of wasting a business man's time, (which was his money) by writing what nobody could read, he went to bed fully determined to do *something*.

On the morning after arriving at this determination, and while he was then warm on the subject, he happened to be reading the paper at breakfast, when his eye fell upon the following advertisement:—

"HANDWRITING.—Gentlemen of any age taught a flowing and graceful handwriting in a few easy lessons. Book-keeping by single and double entry."

Then followed the name and address of the teacher. George could scarcely refrain from giving vent to an exclamation of joy.

He took down the address, determined to go and have a dozen lessons at once. He would not tell his wife though. He would wait until he had acquired "a flowing and graceful handwriting," as per advertisement, and then he would surprise her, and enjoy her amazement.

Accordingly, after breakfast, he dressed himself and proceeded to town.

Going to the address mentioned, George made his inquiries, paid his fees in advance, and took his first lesson.

For a month did George go up to town upon that same errand, and many a time did he use wicked language in connection with pothooks and hangers, with which highly interesting symbols, he had to fill three books before his instructor would allow him to proceed any further.

At length, however, he completed the prescribed course, and the triumphant professor, making him sign his name in a scrap of paper, compared it with a signature he had written before commencing his lessons.

And certainly the difference was wonderful; nobody would have believed them to have emanated from the same fingers.

George hastened home full of accomplishment, and found that his wife had gone out shopping. So, writing her a short note, he left it on the table, and then withdrew to his smoking-room.

In about an hour's time Mrs. Simpleson came sailing into the room, swelling with indignation, and with her husband's note in her hand.

"George, dear," said she, "some impudent fellow has dared to write to me, and invite me to dine with him this evening!"

"Well, my love," replied George, "and shall you accept it?"

"I am surprised at you, George! Of course not. You ought to find out the writer and—and—and thrash him."

At the idea of having to thrash himself, George could retain his gravity no longer, but burst out into a hearty laugh.

And then, in reply to Mrs. Simpleson's look of wonder, he explained the apparent mystery; and, to prove his words, wrote another note to the same purport in her presence.

The next morning, at breakfast, his wife said, "By the bye, George, I want a little money to settle the accounts. Can you let me have any?"

"Very sorry, my dear," he said, gravely, "but I've hardly any change left; but I'm going into town this morning, and I'll bring some back with me."

Accordingly, when breakfast was over, he walked down to the station, and taking the train, soon arrived in town.

After making one or two calls, and transacting some business, he proceeded to the bank in order to draw some money.

Upon entering, he made his way to the desk usually occupied by a clerk with whom he was on speaking terms.

But the desk was vacant. So, presuming he was at dinner, he moved down to the the next, which was occupied by the newly-promoted cashier.

Taking out his check-book, George drew a check for one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and handed it in.

After he had returned his check-book to his pocket, he noticed that the cashier seemed to be comparing it with some other papers on his desk, and then he thought he stared at him rather rudely.

So, to hasten matters a little, he called out, "I'll take it all in gold, please."

"One moment, sir," replied the cashier, who then beckoned the bank messenger over to him, and, giving him an order in a whisper, turned again towards George.

"I'm really very sorry to be obliged to keep you waiting," said he; "but there is something not quite right, and I have had to send for somebody to rectify it. Ah, here he is! Constable I give that man into your charge for forgery!"

And the next moment George was in the rough grasp of a policeman, brought in by the messenger.

Oh, how he cursed the man that first invented writing!

Then, in a voice that trembled in spite of his knowledge that he was innocent, he said, "Oh, nonsense! This is absurd! I am Mr. Simpleson. Let me see Mr. Chance, the manager; he will recognise me."

"Mr. Chance is away for his holidays," replied the clerk; "and as for the absurdity of the matter, here is a check signed by Mr. Simpleson, and here is the one you drew just now. Why, anyone can see it's a forgery; it's as different as chalk from cheese."

"Now, young man," interrupted the constable, as George was again about to attempt an explanation; "if you takes my advice, you'll come along quietly, and keep what you've got to say till you're before the magistrate; and remember whatever you says now will be brought up against yer."

Oh, shades of Cadmus! And this was the effect of learning to write!

"But must I go through the streets like this?" appealed George, in heartrending tones.

"Oh, you can have a cab," replied the guardian of the peace, "if you like to pay for it."

Accordingly, in a few minutes, George, with his coat-sleeve still in the grasp of the policeman, accompanied by the cashier who had preferred the charge, entered a cab, and drove off to the police station. Upon their arrival, George was led before the inspector on duty.

The cashier stated his case, which was entered upon the charge-sheet.

As soon as the clerk had finished talking, poor George again commenced his explanations, asserting that he *was* Mr. Simpleson, and, therefore, could not forge his own name.

"Ah! very fine," said the inspector, "Of course, if you *are* Mr. Simpleson, you can produce witnesses to prove your identity."

"If you will let me have writing materials," answered George, eagerly, "I will have my father here in an hour."

He was accordingly supplied with pen, ink and paper; and, in a few minutes, he had written a note, and forwarded it to his father's office.

Fortunately, Mr. Simpleson was in when the messenger arrived; and, though considerably surprised at the tenor of the note and the writing, still he made up his mind to go to his son's assistance.

Just as he was leaving the office, he met Mr. Manvers—George's father-in-law—who agreed to accompany him.

Jumping into a cab, they speedily arrived at Vine street; and, while the inspector was explaining the matter to Mr. Simpleson, Mr. Manvers was shown into the cell where George was incarcerated.

"Ah, George, my boy," said he, "didn't I always tell you you'd come to a bad end if you did not learn to write a better hand? What could you expect?"

This was too bad after suffering as he had, all through having improved his handwriting to be bullied in that manner.

For a minute, the prisoner did not know whether to laugh or cry.

While Mr. Manvers was still holding forth, Mr. Simpleson entered the cell, and his son explained how he had taken lessons, and what had occurred at the bank.

After a hearty laugh, they all went before the sitting magistrate, and as Mr. Manvers happened to be acquainted with him, in a few minutes George was at liberty to return to his wife.

The cashier, of course, made a handsome apology, and George hoped that the matter was ended; but somehow or other, the affair became known to his friends and acquaintances, and it was many a long day before he heard the last of the consequences of his slight improvement.

DEFENCE OF THE GOOSE.—It is a great libel to accuse a goose of being a silly bird. Even a tame goose shows much instinct and attachment; and were its habits more closely observed, the tame goose would be found to be by no means wanting in general cleverness. Its watchfulness at night time is, and always has been, proverbial; and it certainly is endowed with a strong organ of self-preservation. You may drive over dog, cat, hen, or pig; but I defy you to drive over a tame goose. As for wild geese, I know of no animal, biped or quadruped, that is so difficult to deceive or approach. Their sense of hearing, seeing, and smelling, are all extremely acute; independently of which, they appear to act in so organized and cautious a manner when feeding or roosting as to defy all danger.—*Sportsman.*

DEATH is the only subject upon which everybody speaks and writes without a possibility of having experienced what he undertakes to discuss.

THE PIRATE.

BY A SEA-CAPTAIN.

Eighteen years ago, the ship I commanded was dancing over the waves, on a mission of mercy. Laden by generous contributions of a Canadian city, she was bound to the Cape de Verds with bread for the famine-stricken and dying. Brighter skies never gladdened the sailors' hopes than those which were bent over us; pleasanter gales never filled the sails of the sea-journeyer, than those which sped us to the haven where we should be.

We were all in high spirits, forward in the forecastle and aft in the cabin. Sailors, who are often so hungry, liable at any moment to be put on short allowance, and compelled at times to fast entirely, know better than the landsmen how to pity those whom famine threatens. Jack has ready sympathy for the man who has no biscuit in his locker.

It was now the fourteenth day out—just in the first grey of the morning, that the mate aroused me with the startling intelligence that a suspicious vessel was in sight. With the first ray of light, the vigilant officer had descried her, and she was so near as to be made out with a glass. I was on deck in an instant.

The first glance at the strange ship almost dispelled the fear that the mate's alarm had occasioned.

"Why, Mr. Larkin," I said, laughing as I spoke, "there's nothing suspicious in that lubberly-looking craft. She is a Portuguese brigantine—she can't sail."

"She looks like that build," said the mate, "but she is built for sailing, and she'll spread canvas, in a wind like this, that'll send her skimming like a gull over the sea. And look now at the men on her deck."

One glance through the telescope was enough to satisfy me that the mate was right. The vessel was sharp-built, of light draught, and rigged like a brigantine. Her masts raked very slightly; besides the canvas usual to such a brig, she was fitted to carry a lugger-sail, which, when spread before the wind, would add to her speed. In addition she was pierced for twenty-two sweeps. Her decks were crowded with men.

"It's no honest craft, Mr. Larkin," I said; "but she may not be a pirate, for all that. One may not be surprised to fall in with a slaver hereabouts."

"She's no slaver, Captain!"

"Why do you think so?"

"Because there are guns on her decks instead of water-casks."

"I did not say she had a cargo of slaves in," I replied.

"Then why does she carry so many guns on deck? If without a cargo, her guns should be below; if with one, there should be more guns on deck. If that ain't a pirate, never believe me again."

As if to put an end to our speculations and clear up the mystery, the suspicious craft began to spread more canvas, and as she gathered away with the freshening breeze, they ran up to her foremast a flag, which, when it reached the truck, unshook its folds to the wind. On a white ground we saw the terrible insignia of the freebooter, the death's-head and cross-bones, painted in diabolical black.

"I thought so," said Mr. Larkin, quietly, "and the ship has no guns."

"What arms have you, Mr. Larkin?" I asked.

"An old horse-pistol, and the lock out of order."

"And I have only an old fowling-piece and a pair of pistols. I fear these fellows will make their own terms with us."

"Yes; cut our throats, and administer to our effects afterwards," replied the mate, walking forward.

We made all the sail we could, but fifteen minutes satisfied me that escape was impossible. The report of a gun from the pirate, and a shot whistling over us speedily brought us to. The pirate came quietly along, like a panther which, sure of his prey, was in no great hurry to seize it. The moment he came within speaking distance he hailed, and ordered me to launch a boat and come on board. We got out the quarter-boat, and I was about to jump into her, to pay my respects in person to the villains, when Mr. Larkin asked leave to go.

"If they want the captain," said he, "let them send for him. I'll see if the mate won't answer as well."

He had scarcely put his foot on the deck of the pirate, when he again appeared on the rail, and descended to the boat, which began to pull back. Almost at the same instant a launch was swung over the rail, into which twenty savage-looking rascals, armed to the teeth, sprang, and pulled towards us. Ten minutes afterward they were on board my vessel, and began clearing away the main hatch.

The leader, a swarthy fellow, whose square, compact frame indicated strength, and whose eyes, black and hazy, and half-concealed by the lids, expressed cruelty and cunning, approached the cabin-hatch, where I stood, and addressed me in tolerable English. "Are you the captain of this vessel?"

"Yes," I replied.

"What's your cargo?"

"Flour."

"Where from?"

"Montreal."

"Where to?"

"Cape de Verds."

"Why, they're all starving there," he said, opening his eyes and looking full at me.

"Yes; and the flour in my vessel was freely given by good Christians to feed those starving people."

The rascal continued his deliberate gaze a moment, then turned towards his men, who by this time had broken into the main-hatch, and in a rough, commanding tone, spoke a few words in Spanish, which I could not make out. The men looked up in astonishment, and then withdrew to the side, where they stood gazing cautiously towards their captain—for such was my interrogator. He thrust his hand behind him, and walked to and fro quickly for five minutes; then he said sharply, turning to me: "You Englishmen are heretics—why should you send flour to feed starving Catholics?"

"Because they are our fellow-men, and their Saviour is our Saviour," I answered, astonished at the conduct of the man.

"If you deceive me," he cried, with a fierceness that startled me—"if you deceive me, I'll nail you down to your own deck. Is this cargo the free gift of your countrymen to the starving?"

"I'll prove it to you by my papers," I answered.

"I don't want to see your papers," he returned; "swear it by the Saviour, whose name you have just pronounced." As he spoke, he crossed himself devoutly.

"I swear by the Holy Trinity," I replied, solemnly.

The pirate lifted his cap, and bent his head devoutly, when I mentioned the Trinity. He stood still, with his head bent over, while one might moderately have counted fifty. When he raised himself up, it seemed to me there was less ferocity in his countenance. His eyes were no longer half-closed, but open and clearer in their depths. I looked steadily at him.

"Captain," said he, courteously, "can you supply me with two or three casks of water?"

I gave the order, and the water was lowered into the boat. A word from him sent his cut-throats over the side, but he lingered behind, and, after a moment's hesitation, as though he half-repented of his resolution, and was ashamed of what he was doing, he approached me with his hand extended.

"Heaven bless you," he exclaimed, as he felt my grasp, "and send you where the starving are praying for bread."

The next moment he was gone. It is very probable that the piratical rascal was afterwards hung, as, no doubt, he deserved to be. But however terrible his fate, I am sure that from his heart, seared and made callous by crime, and self-desecrated, there burst forth a little warm glimmer of light which mitigated somewhat the desolation, and relieved, though it could not entirely dispel, the gloom of his dying hour.

SOCIABILITY.

It is often said of persons, in a complimentary way, that they are friendly and talkative; but it depends somewhat on the character of a person's speech, as well as its quantity, whether his acquaintance is desirable or not. People may be ever so well meaning, but if their conversation is only of the prevailing sickness or the last horrible murder in the papers, unless you incline particularly to that sort of entertainment, they will be very likely to prove dull companions in the end. Or if an acquaintance is simply prosy, and talks with as dignified an air as if he were delivering a lecture on some moral subject, without any of the familiar language which makes intercourse with friends so charming, you will be as likely to go to sleep during his discourse as you would in a railway carriage while it is in motion, and wake up when he stopped. Or if your visitor should happen to be one full of his or her own petty cares, who will treat you to a history of all their vexations, you will soon become tired or irritable, or both; but no matter; you must hear all their plans for the present and future, whether you like it or not. But when you meet a friend, and you cannot speak without calling out a response from his mind; when your ideas and your experiences correspond, and your heart grows lighter with the friendly interchange of thoughts, you are enjoying one of the rarest pleasures of social intercourse. Such need not be counted among the vanishing pleasures, for the recollection of them will be agreeable to both ever after.

THE PAST.

Wherever man is placed, he becomes as it were related to the locality; and the continued presence of objects, of whatever kind exercises an influence upon his thoughts, leading him to find pleasure in the remembrances of the past. There is always a charm in reviewing bygone days, whether, to us, they were days of happiness, or presented a changeful aspect—now of gladness, now of grief and vexation; when once merged into the irrevocable, they draw upon our love, enforcing a sympathetic word or sigh, invariably inclining us to look upon the scenes of yesterday with a feeling of regret at their having passed away, although the present may find us in the possession of comforts we never anticipated would fall to our share.

Perhaps it is the little experiences which occur even in the dullest of lives, that originate a fondness for the vanished hours. These little experiences make great impressions upon a quiet life. When not surrounded by the hurry of society, we reflect upon the real effect of these little things, and find their influence is potent. The one flower, which the poor child may have gazed upon in his infancy, is remembered by him through all the stormy years of his after existence. He sees it in the little grass patch as it then grew, and he knows that its picture has lived in his mind, amidst all the engrossing cares of a lifetime of labor. It is with a sigh that the man turns in thought to the time of his childhood, perhaps overestimating the delight that he felt as a child, looking at the little flower.

SCIENTIFIC.

A STREET engine has been introduced in Paris, which is described as a kind of omnibus or steam carriage. It accommodates twelve passengers and weighs about five tons. A vertical engine supplies the motive power and occupies a space in the rear of but thirty-nine inches broad; and a Giffard injector forces in the feed water, which is taken from the gutters or any convenient source. About thirteen horse power is utilized, requiring 600 quarts and 110 pounds of coal per hour, the machine travelling nine miles an hour.

IN their lately published programme, the Industrial Society of Rouen offer, among some fifty others, the following three prizes pertaining to photographic materials, etc.: A gold medal for a substance which shall be cheaper than egg albumen, and which shall replace it in all its applications to printing; also a medal for a process for producing oxygen as an article of commerce cheaper than it can at present be produced; and a medal for a practical commercial application of photo-engraving to the production of prints. The competing works thus enumerated must be sent in to the President of the society named before the first day of October, 1876, each to bear a motto, with the inventor's name in a sealed envelope.

EXPERIMENTS made in France tend to show that the action of sulphate of copper on woody tissue produces a compound which is not absolutely insoluble in pure water, and is soluble to a considerable extent in water charged with carbonic acid. After having lain for some time, railway sleepers which had been injected with sulphate of copper were found to contain a considerable proportion of iron in those parts near the rails, while away from the neighborhood of the rails, the carbonate of lime derived from the ballast took the place of copper salt; and, although the lime compound is not itself a staple agent, it yet acts prejudicially by removing the preservative medium. From the results thus presented it would appear that wood prepared according to the method in question is far from being a durable material for the construction of permanent way.

PROF. BARRETT, of England, finds that if steel wire be heated by any means, at certain temperature it ceases to expand, although the heat be continuously poured in. During this period, also, the wire does not increase in temperature. The length of time during which this abnormal condition lasts varies with the thickness of the wire and the rapidity with which it can be heated through. It ceases to expand and no further change takes place till the heat is cut off; when this is done, the wire begins to cool down regularly, till it has reached the critical point at which the change took place on heating. Here a second, and reverse change takes place. At the moment that the expansion ceases, an actual increase in temperature takes place sufficiently large to cause the wire to glow again with red-hot heat. It is curious that this after-glow has not been noticed before, for it is a very conspicuous object in steel wires that have been raised to a white heat and allowed to cool.

AS AN evidence that iron will not oxidize in pure water, a scientific writer remarks as follows: Take a piece of clear ice, melt it, and heat to boiling; after boiling it a short time, to free it of air, pour it into a small vial containing some pieces of bright iron wire, the vial to be quite full and tightly stopped. Place a similar piece of wire in an open vessel and partially cover it with water. Set both vessels aside for a few days, when it will be found that the wire in the former is still bright, while that in the other is rusted. This experiment shows that it is the oxygen of the air, and not that chemically combined to form water, which acts upon iron; moreover, experiment has shown, beyond any reasonable doubt or question, that neither dry oxygen nor dry carbonic acid will attack iron. To produce the action of common oxidation upon iron, it is necessary that the oxygen be combined with nitrogen, as it exists in the atmosphere, and in all potable water.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS:—"The Mocking Birds;" "Arthur Howell;" "Sweet Sixteen;" "Aunt Sophia's Legacy."

BEN.—Opal rings are never given as engagement rings.

LUCIA.—When a young lady is not strong, dancing should only be indulged in very moderately.

S. J. R.—The bride stands on the left of the bridegroom when the wedding ceremony is performed.

H. G. D.—Has not given us the necessary information to lead us to offer him any advice upon his questions.

C. M. P., (Bath, Me).—The young gentleman's silence is your reply. It would not be advisable to write again.

CRON.—A woman has the same number of ribs as a man. Anatomy, like the other sciences, dispels many vulgar errors.

RUPERT, (Keokuk, Iowa.)—A young girl who flirts with two men and pretends to love them both, can love neither. You can scarcely require any advice in respect to the course which you ought to adopt. Have nothing more to do with her.

E. C. (Waco, Texas.)—It is all the more to the credit of your lover that he is a self-made man, but don't run away with him. Be patient and very dutiful to your mother and try, perseveringly, to persuade her to consent that you may give your hand where your heart is.

F. G., (Baton Rouge, La.)—If it be the earnest wish of your father to have you with him, it seems to us that the causes you allege should not be sufficient to drive you away. It takes two to make a quarrel. You can let them have it all to themselves, while you do your duty.

LILY, (Riverside, N. J.)—As a general rule of etiquette persons can only become introduced to each other through the medium of some mutual friend. There are no other legitimate means. Ladies especially are debarred, by all the rules of propriety and decorum from seeking introductions to gentlemen in any irregular way.

J. H., (Jackson, Michigan.)—The requisites for writing good poetry are—a tolerably good education, a vivid imagination, or, as the phrenologists say, large ideality, an intense appreciation of the beautiful, a fine ear for music—that means, good organs of time and tune—and abundance of good taste. Bad grammar in every sense is inexcusable.

SAVING HOUSEWIFE, (Peoria, Illinois.)—"Please give me a good recipe for boiled pudding without eggs." The following recipe is very good:—A large cupful of grated bread, a small piece of suet cut up, a spoonful of treacle, and a spoonful of ginger. Ornament a mould with raisins, and pour in. Boil half an hour. Serve with sweet sauce. A few sweet and bitter almonds improve the flavor, if liked, a glass of wine.

M. E., (New York), writes: "I am engaged to a young lady, but am very fond of society, etc. Do you think it any harm for me to flirt a little, innocently, of course, with other girls?" If you are engaged to a young lady, you must not think of flirting with others; such conduct will only give pain to your betrothed and lessen her esteem and confidence in you. You surely will not risk such a sacrifice for the sake of gratifying your vanity.

ESTELLE D.—Unbiassed gratitude is a virtue so rare that its genuineness is often questioned. An active gratitude has been classed as "the pride that scorns to owe, which has triumphed over that self-love that hates to pay." There can be nothing unseemly in your writing a letter of gratitude to the clergyman referred to, if you are careful that none of your expressions in it convey any other sentiment. Your handwriting is fair, but deficient in style.

BESSIE, (Little Rock.)—asks: "1st. Is it fair to cheat when playing croquet, if the others are cheating you and your partners? 2d. What is the most fashionable color worn now? 3d. Does green suit a dark complexion? 4th. Has Augusta Evans written any new book lately? Is she alive now and where is she? 5th. How many children has President Grant? 6th. What is the latest style for wearing the hair for girls from fifteen to eighteen? 7th. Do you think lily white is injurious to the skin?" 1st. No. Wrong-doing in one is no excuse for wrong-doing in another. You should quit playing if your opponents will not play fairly. 2d. Cardinal and ink-blue. 3d. There are very few complexions for which green is suitable. What will suit one dark complexion will not another. 4th. Her last work "Infelice," was published about eight months ago. She resides at Mobile, Ala. 5th. Four, we believe. 6th. It is worn in one plait down the back. 7th. Yes. It is said to contain lead, and all such preparations are injurious. Carbonate of magnesia is considered a safe cosmetic. But in the majority of cases fresh air, proper food, and exercise are the best that can be used.

FLORA, Wilmington, Del.), writes: "Please tell me the proportions of water and earth, the time of the ebb and flow of the ocean, tide, etc." The ocean covers more than one-half and less than two-thirds of the globe, and this large body of water is in continual motion, ebbing and flowing alternately—that is, if the tide is now at high water mark, it will presently subside and flow back for about six hours, when it will be at low water mark. The time of high water is about three quarters of an hour later every day for nearly thirty days, when it begins as before, and this answers to the motion of the moon, for she rises every day about three-quarters of an hour later than the preceding one, and thus completes her revolution around the earth in about thirty days. Though the earth's diameter bears a considerable proportion to its distance from the moon, yet this diameter is nothing compared with the earth's distance from the sun, consequently the difference of the sun's attraction on the side of the earth opposition to him, will be far less than the difference of the moon's attraction on the side opposite to her; therefore, the moon must raise the tides higher than they could be raised by the sun, hence, the ebb and flow of the tide corresponds with the motion of the moon.

MARY, (Georgia), asks: "1st. Should a lady take the right or left arm of a gentleman while walking? 2d. To about what note does the medium female voice ascend, readily? 3d. I can sing second G above middle C quite distinctly; do you think that by proper cultivation I could aspire to the vocation of giving private singing lessons, by the time I am seventeen? I am now fifteen. 4th. What are the general characteristics which constitute a sweet voice? 5th. Is there any medicinal preparation which preserves the vocal notes of a constant singer? 6th. Is No. 1 a small shoe for a lady to wear; and is No. 2 a medium size? 7th. Will you criticise my handwriting and this epistolary effort?" 1st. She should take the arm he may happen to offer. The lady is usually given the inside position, which, on one side of the street, will place her to the left, on the other to the right of the gentleman. 2d. Your voice reaches to the medium female height. Some of the fine opera singers can go three or four notes higher, but to sound G clearly is a fair reach of the voice. As to teaching, that depends more on your cultivation in music, and your talent for that vocation, than on your voice. 4th. It is hard to place them in words. We speak of softness, liquidity, &c., but these are only metaphors. It is not easy to give names to our sensations which really describe any characteristic of the sensations. 5th. We think not. 6th. They are both small. 7th. They are moderately good.

F. L. McL., (Wilmington, Del.) writes: "I always welcome your invaluable paper as a true friend, and have gained some valuable information from your correspondents' column, not saying anything about the many interesting stories published in its columns. If you will give me advice on the following subjects, you will greatly increase my indebtedness: 1st. What wages do printers get when learning the trade? Is there a better chance to learn the trade in the east than in the west? 2d. Should not writers for the press boil their pieces down as much as possible, or, in other words, say what they have to say in as few words as possible? 3d. What is the meaning of the word Selah?" 1st. The wages which printers' apprentices obtain depend greatly on their age and previous fitness for the trade. They receive from four to six dollars per week at first, if of any value to their employers. After becoming good type-setters they receive about ten dollars per week. The chance to obtain a position is not good here at present, and may be as good or better in the west. 2d. That is the usual advice, but it is not the best advice for all cases. Concentrated food may be full of nutriment, but it is not always palatable; and food is usually best for the stomach in its natural state. So articles may be full of information, yet so lacking in detail and embellishment as to prove distasteful to the reader, and fail to convey their information to his mind. It would not, for instance, do for the novelist to boil down his material into a plain synopsis of the plot. Novels in two volumes might often thus be condensed into two pages, but they would have less than two readers. The ideas entertained about extreme condensation of articles may be very good in theory, but, in our opinion, a little of the oil of embellishment and explanation is necessary to break the friction of too many hard facts. 3d. The meaning of the word is not precisely known, but is supposed to indicate a break or pause in the recitation of a poem.